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WELCOMING ADMIRAL DEWEY—*Eight-Page Supplement*

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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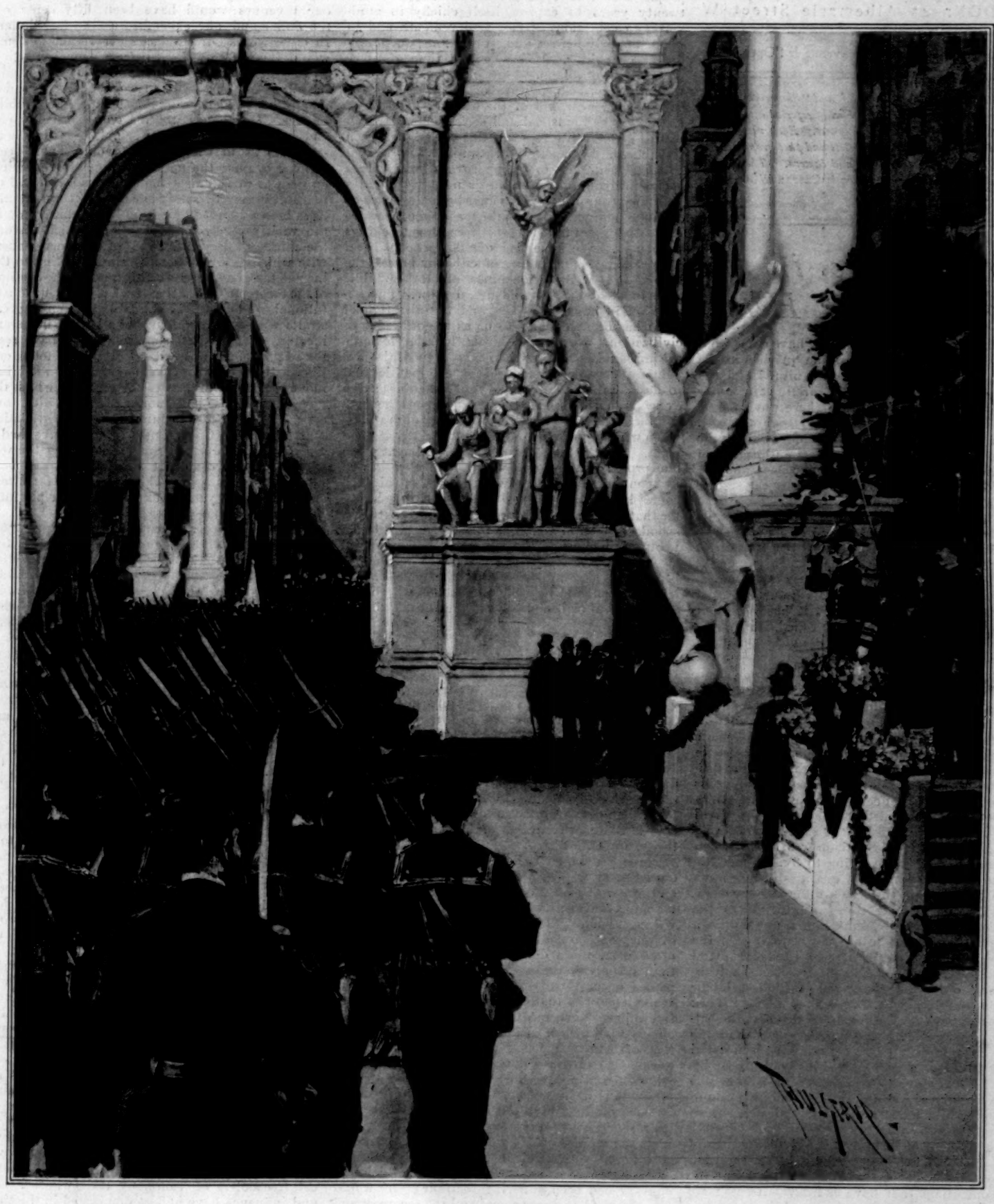

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND MAYOR VAN WYCK REVIEWING THE PARADE AT THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 1027.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

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The struggle between "Columbia" and "Shamrock" for the "America's" Cup will be the subject of especial attention in the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Each race will be followed by our staff of special artists and photographers, and illustrated in detail with pencil and camera. The contests will be described and commented on by* CASPAR WHITNEY *in the Department of Amateur Sport.*

The People in the Light of their Heroes

EXPRESSIONS of surprise have come from England and from some quarters in the United States at the magnitude and the enthusiasm of the celebrations in honor of Admiral DEWEY. There was, in fact, a certain degree of surprise even to those who took part in them. But it was less the magnitude of the demonstrations than the prodigious enthusiasm of the whole people that outran precedent and expectation. It is interesting to consider the significance of such enthusiasm.

The novelty of the occasion, of course, counts for much. This generation had celebrated anniversaries, and had taken part in one great patriotic funeral. But most Americans now living had never seen a naval or military hero fresh from a great victory until our admirals returned from the war with Spain. Although it has not been many years since General GRANT died, it is thirty-four years since the surrender at Appomattox, and every man who has a clear and appreciative personal recollection of that event is now far on towards fifty years of age.

But the novelty of a hero of the first magnitude is not all. There is an appeal to the imagination—at least to the Anglo-Saxon imagination—made by a naval hero that a military hero of the same rank can hardly equal. A sea-fight is more dramatic than a battle on land. Distance, too, in this case heightened the effect. The battle of Manila was not a more complete victory than the naval battle of Santiago; but DEWEY sailed into Manila Bay, and the battle of Santiago was fought when the Spanish ships were trying to fly. One battle showed the same admirable qualities of our navy as the other; or, if there be a difference, our officers off Santiago were called on to add to the qualities displayed by our officers at Manila a trying fortitude in waiting and watching for the enemy. And Admiral SAMPSON excited as wild enthusiasm at Harvard University, when that ancient seat of learning bestowed its highest honor on him, as Admiral DEWEY excited in New York and Washington. But for dramatic effect the battle of Manila makes the stronger appeal to the popular mind, partly because our squadron could attack the enemy without waiting, and partly because the scene of the battle was on the other side of the world. It was a dramatic demonstration of our power in a quarter where it had never been shown before.

One meaning of the unrestrained enthusiasm of these celebrations, moreover, was the recognition by men of this generation of our kinship with the past generations that have had naval heroes; we know that supremacy on the sea belongs to our race as naturally now as ever, and that the race-old aptitude for seamanship is yet in the blood.

More than all this, these demonstrations are a reminder of the great growth of the nation since its last war—growth in population, in power, in wealth and strength, and most of all in national sentiment. While the two great naval victories utterly broke the power of Spain, we do not think of Spain as an enemy. In fact we did not so think of her at the time. The chief significance of the battles and of all that has followed them is that they were an assertion of American power. Our naval officers beforehand knew our efficiency if a just occasion arose to show it, but the people had wellnigh forgotten it. And our naval efficiency is itself chiefly significant as an index of our national strength in all the arts of peace as well as of war. No popular demonstration could have a serious meaning if the celebrations of the Admiral's return do not mean that the national sentiment which applauds his bravery and wise and modest bearing does not also accept and welcome the wider problems that have followed.

The patriotic public sentiment of the American people has had opportunities during the last twenty years to express itself chiefly in anniversary celebrations of past achievements, and in honor of early heroes, and, at elections, on purely domestic subjects. It has been a time of peace and of the development of industry, a time of the prodigious expenditure of labor, and of the growth of wealth and of the welding together of the nation by industrial and social bonds. Much of the popular literature of this period has been theoretical. Dreamers and enthusiasts have sought to shape sentiment to the approval of plans for a social millennium. The ideals most persistently held up by our philosophers have been ideals tinged with the impracticable. In the mean time the world of action has got farther away from these teachings than ever. We have had our domestic political shortcomings—the looting of cities by bosses, the domination of State machines, and other public vices incident to our rapid urban growth and absorption in practical affairs, and the abolition of these has been held up to us as the only aim of civilization. Now social ideals looking towards the millennium are good to have; good also are admonitions to cleanse our dirty city politics and to destroy the power of political machines; and every man who understands American efficiency at practical tasks expects to see these duties done when we once make up our minds to set about them right. But the lethargy of public sentiment when our professional reformers call loudly on it, and its spontaneous outburst when a great naval hero comes home, show a side of the American character that many men had forgotten—show that it responds to men of action, is full of the spirit of adventure—in short, is the old English temper yet, even to its love of the sea. The hero of such a people is always a man of dramatic as well as patriotic action, and never a man of dreams, however thoughtful or beneficent the dreams may be.

The Democracy in 1899

THE Democratic party is presenting itself for popular approval in three States especially, where the national party organization is really on trial before the country, with the State machines and their candidates for evidence. Has the party changed in any respect since it nominated BRYAN at Chicago in 1896? How is this question answered by the Democratic State conventions of Massachusetts, Kentucky, and Ohio?

Three years ago the leadership of the Democratic party was assumed by its most unworthy and ignorant elements. We have nothing to say touching Mr. BRYAN'S honesty. We are quite willing to admit his purity of purpose, but purity of purpose coupled with ignorance and folly is often even more dangerous to the body politic than open vice, even when such vice is accompanied or partly disguised by intelligence. But while it may be that Mr. BRYAN and some of the free-coinage advocates are honest and sincere, the country is justified in its doubts as to the characters of ALTGELD, CROKER, GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS, TILLMAN, and others of that kind, some of whom are in politics for votes, and some for dollars. It is not necessary to go into minute detail in our examination of the meaning of Democracy in 1896. The country knows what BRYAN and his party stood for, and what would have happened if it had won the victory.

In the first place, the panic from which the country had been suffering for four years would have reached an acute stage, and the recovery and prosperity which we have since experienced would have been delayed. It could not have been wholly prevented, for nature would have worked its provident will, and would have brought forth the abundant crops of the last two years, but it would never have become so great as it is to-day. Ruin, however, would have fallen sharply and swiftly upon those who had withstood the troubles of 1893, '94, and '95, immediately following the announcement of the election of BRYAN and of a Bryanite House of Representatives. If, undeterred by the panic and distress following the election, the Bryanites had kept to the course marked out in their platform, we should have had a free coinage 16 to 1 law enacted in the summer of 1897, for of course an extra session would have been called for that purpose. Whether or not we should have had a war with Spain who can tell? BRYAN might have been against it, although he started for it as a colonel, and the Democrats are fond of saying that they forced the Republican administration and majority in Congress to the task of making Cuba free. Popular opinion and rage, however, would probably in the end have brought on the conflict. In that event our revenues would have been fifty cents on the dollar and our expenditures the full dollar. In other words, our purchases abroad and at home would have taken at least twice as much revenue as they actually do require. Our money would have been Mexicanized, and we would have had a practical experience of South-American public finance. Our bonds would have been below par and our borrowing capacity crippled. It is idle to speculate as to what means would have been adopted to raise the necessary funds for carrying on the war and to meet the expenses incidental to it. But it may be safely asserted that we should have been without funds for a long time, owing to the variety of economic opinions which disturb the minds of Bryanites, and to the perverseness with which many of them continue to cling to the income tax as a fetich, notwithstanding the decision of the Supreme Court that such a tax is unconstitutional. Doubtless we should have been in great straits with a cheap dollar and a lack of necessary income. Perhaps we should not yet have seen the seizure of the railroad, telegraph, and telephone lines by the general government, or the establishment of public warehouses for grain on which the government had lent money. We would, however, have seen the beginning of the degradation of the Supreme Court, and we would have had a Department of Justice bent on enforcing the will of the Executive against the opinions and consciences of the judges. This is, in effect, the meaning of Democracy as it was written in the platform of 1896.

Has the Democratic party changed since 1896? In Kentucky both factions of the party are for free silver at 16 to 1; the JOHN YOUNG BROWN faction is opposed to GOEBEL because the regular candidate obtained his nomination by force and fraud. It has been the practice in Massachusetts to elect delegates to the national convention in the several Congressional districts, and the four delegates at large in a State convention called for the purpose. But GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS, fearing that if this practice were adhered to this year the Democracy of Massachusetts would decide against himself and BRYAN, performed a *coup de politique*, and had all the delegates chosen at the recent State convention. In Ohio a man has been nominated for Governor who has always frankly courted the friendship and support of the baser elements of his party.

The men who controlled these three State conventions will do anything for place and power. Their most admirable possession is the 16 to 1 plank. That has the ring of foolish and ignorant sincerity. The rest of their platforms is nothing but bait for gudgeons. What they say about imperialism and the war in the Philippines does not express any convictions or imply any promise. BRYAN might bring the troops out of the Philippines without regard to the effect on them or on the Filipinos, but there are many of his followers who would not, and some who believe that the country has assumed some duties in that quarter of the globe. Whatever they might do in this respect would be entirely dictated by policy and not at all by principle. All that is really clear from the actions and utterances of these three conventions is that the party has not changed in the three years that have elapsed since the last Presidential election. It is still for the debasement not only of the currency, but of the political and social life of the country. It is still not only the party of the discontented, of those who would turn society upside down, but of the political freebooters of Tammany Hall, whose lessons and influence have at last dominated in the three States whose conventions and candidates we have been considering. It must be difficult for self-respecting citizens, whether they have hitherto been Democrats or Republicans, to associate themselves with this kind of Democracy.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

NOW that the shard, as Mr. Kipling would say, has been fired off and put away, and the tumult has abated, and the hotel chambermaids have begun to catch up with their sleep, and the grand-stand speculators have ascertained where they are, it is apparent that the most valuable material asset of the great Dewey reception is the architectural and sculptural creations in Madison Square. If any one who wanted to see a show failed to come to town last week, it should be made known to him that there is still an interesting and important spectacle in commission in New York, and that what was in many respects the most satisfying and informing feature of the American triumph still awaits the scrutiny of the discriminating. There is general agreement that the arch and colonnade were heroically successful. When the straggler about New York walked down Fifth Avenue, observing the banners that waved and the bunting that festooned and the stands that everywhere awaited their huzzaing occupants, he often asked himself how the Admiral would be impressed with the huge rumpus that his coming had caused. But when he came to Madison Square and began to examine the arch and its accessories, his "What will Dewey say to this?" fairly crowded itself into spoken words.

Not only has the arch been immensely gratifying, but the lively and general public interest in it has been very notable and good to see. During all the time of its construction it drew crowds, day and evening, like a circus parade or a band tournament. The East Side and the West Side came over to see it. All the great crowd of visitors that swamped New York during September gawked at it faithfully and took it in. There are men in San Francisco, or will be in a day or two, who have studied that arch. Every city in the United States will receive impressions from it. It is the most instructive thing of its sort that the country has seen since the Chicago Fair. It is especially valuable to New York because it has given the mass of the people here a new idea of the possibilities of municipal adornment. The kind of public monument that we Americans know best is the soldiers' monument, and the examples of that with which most of us are most familiar have not been of a quality to educate and improve our taste. But since we have seen the Dewey arch and colonnade it will be easier for us to realize what can be done to beautify a city, by sculptors and architects who know their business, when the chance offers and the funds are provided. The next time the city's art commissioners talk about an architectural treatment of the entrance to Central Park we will understand their aspirations the better for having had this example of what American art can do. The arch is something to be grateful for. Whoever can should see it, and whoever has seen it should see it as often as possible, and store away all the impressions and suggestions that it has to impart.

MEN have discussed rather more than usual during the last fortnight that question, often mooted since the battle of Manila Bay—"Is Admiral Dewey a naval captain of superlative merit, or did he throw double sixes?" There is no rancor whatever to the discussion, and the most popular answer to the question is, "Both." The popular conviction is that the Admiral had mighty good luck, and that he is a mighty good man, and deserved his luck and earned it all, in so far as luck can be earned.

There is an aleatory quality that is inseparable from almost all success in arms. After all has been done that foresight and diligence and courage can do, there is still a chucking of the dice that determines the outcome of some things the event of which could not be foreseen. The dice certainly came right for our Admiral, for no ship of his touched a torpedo, and scarcely any Spanish missile got home in his fleet. But of course what won his fight was what Captain Mahan has taught us to call "preparedness," together with the gumption and the grit that taught him when to strike. Luck did not win his victory, and to say he was lucky is no disparagement of his high deserts. Where the luck was on his side was in the enormous fame his victory brought him. No word, however fitly spoken, is more like apples of gold and pictures of silver than a blow in the nick of time.

How vast was Dewey's luck in having his achievement fully recognized and appreciated is the more apparent when we consider what lamentably bad luck in that respect Admiral Sampson had. Dewey's victory, to be sure, foreshadowed the outcome of every encounter between American ships and Spanish, but the fight that actually killed Spain's hopes and ended the war was that of Sampson's fleet off Santiago. Admiral Sampson had a more important command than Admiral Dewey; he failed in no duty; he fully realized every hope and expectation; his vigilance knew no lapse; his plans were completely successful. Yet a fluke of destiny made it possible to cheat him of nearly all the popular renown and official recognition that his services deserved. There are medals for Dewey's sailors, but none as yet for Sampson's. He and his captains have gone about their business, honored, to be sure, and secure in the credit that history will give them and which official knowledge already accords them, but curiously ungarlanded and unapplauded. It is not known that Admiral Sampson's sense of humor is keen enough to win amusement for him out of his position, but his philosophy at least is admirably equal to every strain. He has the *mens sibi conscia recti*, the admiration of the navy, and the confidence of the Department, and there is the best of reasons to believe that the lack of sundry tangible tokens of his country's gratitude does not greatly worry him. Admiral Dewey's views on a good many important subjects are in considerable request just now. How much it would interest us all to know his private opinion of Admiral Sampson's luck!

AND speaking of that aleatory quality that there is in battles, it is disquieting to record that discussion of the fighting qualities of Englishmen, which has sprung naturally out of the threats of a war—which would be a real war—in South Africa, has led sundry uneasy minds to ask who won the battle of Waterloo. One has to go back to Waterloo to find Englishmen fighting to any great purpose against civilized white men. There were battles, to be sure, in the Crimean war, and a Light Brigade made a charge there which has become historical in poetry; but as the example of a great victory won by British arms in this century Waterloo gives the best satisfaction. To the minds of all Britons, and of most Americans who read history in the English language, the victor of Waterloo was Wellington, but in the discussion of the fight which has recently welled up, the suggestion is advanced that Waterloo is only a British victory in British histories, and that the honest truth is that the British had such a lot of valuable assistance in beating Napoleon that it is a fair question whether the fight was not won by the helpers, with the assistance of the British. The unfeeling deduction of persons who take this view is that the overwhelming success of the British arms at Waterloo was won in print, and even that was only a success in the English language, since the German historians call the battle a Prussian victory, and the Belgians and Dutch also assume property rights in it.

How terrible a subject of controversy all this makes cannot be fully appreciated until the figures representing the numbers and various nationalities of the troops engaged are compared and the other statistics of the fight considered. The inference that Wellington and the English happened in opportunely while Blücher was thrashing the French is not very difficult, provided one has the determination to make it. What helps it is that the British forces neglected to carry the field of battle home with them, and, by consequence, most of the monuments that adorn it are Prussian, Belgian, and Dutch. The great monument on the hill of St. Jean, surmounted by a rampant lion, was put up by the Dutch and Belgians, and the advocates of their prowess say it is their lion.

A MUCH more contemporaneous and urgent matter, with which many persons are now grappling, concerns the efficiency of General Otis in the Philippines. To determine whether General Otis has done well or ill it is necessary to know what his instructions were, what he had to do, what means were at his disposal, and what he has accomplished. Persons who possess this knowledge, which is necessarily precedent to an intelligent opinion, being very few, and opinions being considerably plentiful, the conclusion seems unavoidable that most of the opinions are not very intelligent. The general's complications with the war correspondents increase the difficulty of estimating his efficiency, for to judge an officer by the opinions of correspondents whom he has found it expedient to suppress seems not safe, and to form an opinion of a commander who controls our chief means of information about his own proceedings is not easy. Whether in the end General Otis is recalled or continued in command will doubtless depend on the impression he has made on such of the President's advisers as have come in personal contact with him at Manila.

ALLUSIONS lately made in the WEEKLY to the need of reformatories in the South and the dearth of them at present have prompted Mayor C. A. Robbe, of Augusta, Georgia, to add his testimony to that of another correspondent to the effect that they are not quite so scarce as has appeared. He tells of one in his own county of Richmond. It is a farm of 145 acres. Boys, white and black, between eight and sixteen years old, are sent to it by the courts and are taught to work. Mayor Robbe is proud of this farm and its management, and has sent the WEEKLY pictures of some of the young farmers and of a corner of a fifty-acre cotton-field of their cultivation. He says it is the best cotton-field in the county.

WORD comes from Europe that "the *Reminiscences of the King of Roumania* (Harpers) has been quoted all over the Continent in consequence of an important letter it contains of the Emperor Frederick, telling of the visit, incognito, of the present German Emperor to Paris. Baron Tauchnitz has accepted the book for his series of British authors."

This is the book which Mr. Sidney Whitman edited, and for which he wrote the introduction. The Prince whose career it follows was the husband of "Carmen Sylvia."

A NOVEL proposition lately made to the Messrs. Harper is worth recording, both because of intrinsic interest and because of its bearing on the common complaint that this is an age of transition wherein all things lack permanency, and wherein, especially in all that concerns periodical literature, no man can say what the morrow may bring forth. A gentleman in Ohio, who reports himself to be eighty years old, writes to say that he has taken HARPER'S MAGAZINE from its first number, and has bound and kept all its volumes for fifty years. His interest in a world in which he has been an active figure, and his solicitude for his own posterity, lead him to desire that his descendants shall always have at hand the MAGAZINE, so he has proposed to pay down a sum which shall be sufficient to insure that the MAGAZINE, as long as it continues to be issued, shall be sent to his address. His proposal has been accepted. He pays $75, and secures HARPER'S MAGAZINE for all time.

ON September 23 the Cuban Orphan Fund (Charles W. Gould, secretary) had reached $30,676. Among recent subscribers is Secretary Root, whose check for $250 is of value as an official endorsement of the fund, as well as useful to pay bills with. The fund has received many subscriptions of $100 or less, and some large ones, as $2000 from Mr. J. D. Rockefeller and $500 from Mr. D. O. Mills.

NEWSPAPERS which assume to be qualified to say what is true about the concerns of real estate in New York, report that apartments are more in favor this year than ever before, and that the only apartment-houses which are not having things all their own way are those devoted to bachelors. The provision for bachelors has been slightly overdone in New York, it seems, and that is good news, for far too much has been done for this class, considering its limited deserts. That families will tend more and more to live in apartments on Manhattan Island seems obvious. When the amount of living-space which the family income can secure is limited, that space is much more serviceable when laid on its side than if it stands on end. A house 12 feet wide, 50 feet high, and 75 feet deep is a badly skimped house, but a flat 12 feet high, 50 feet wide, and 75 feet deep must be a pretty fair flat. Then, too, the superior height of apartment-houses makes available great depositories of aerial space which mere single dwellings which rest on the earth cannot reach, and as space promises to be more in demand on the island of Manhattan than anywhere else on earth, the development of the apartment-house seems likely to reach here its utmost limit.

PRESIDENT PATTON announces that Mr. Cleveland is to be a lecturer at Princeton this year. He has agreed, it seems, to deliver the lectures called for by the Stafford Little fund of $10,000 which establishes a lectureship on themes connected with public life. There is a new chair of politics at Princeton, lately endowed with $100,000 by an unknown donor. This chair is vacant as yet, for lack of a man fit to fill it. It may be that if Dr. Cleveland does well with his lectures this chair will be offered to him. To an outsider it would seem as if he were peculiarly qualified to fill such a chair to its full capacity.

THE opinion of many conservative persons and newspapers, that it was inexpedient to bring the Baker family from South Carolina to Boston, seems to be justified by the recent appeal of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison for funds for this family's support. Bringing the family North, it will be remembered, was the enterprise chiefly of Miss Ida Jewett. Mr. Garrison and others advised against it, but the Bakers came; the persons responsible for bringing them disagreed among themselves as to what was best to be done, and now at the pinch Mr. Garrison comes to help. He has $300 in hand for the Bakers, and wants $900 more, to buy them a house near Boston and give them a start in the world. While the expediency of bringing this family North has been questioned, there has been no doubt that the widow and children of the murdered postmaster of Lake City were proper objects of public compassion. Mr. Garrison feels, and not without reason, that provision for the family of an officer of the government murdered while in discharge of his duty might justly devolve upon the government; but Baker's case seems destined to be one of those in which republics are neglectful.

WE have learned to look upon all reports of the finding of traces of Andrée as matters requiring thorough confirmation, but no one seems to doubt the story of the finding on September 9, by the master of the Norwegian cutter *Martha Larsaak*, on the north coast of King Charles Island, of a buoy and anchor marked "Andrée Polar Expedition." It seems that Andrée had some buoys which he intended to throw out after passing the pole, and it is thought by some of his friends that the buoy found was one of these. It may have been, but its mute testimony that he passed the pole will hardly be accepted as evidence.

Nansen is one of several men wise in polar lore who think it probable that Andrée is still alive and will come back to earth.

IN remarking the other day on the increasing use in print of the word "rig" as a synonym for "vehicle," curiosity was expressed as to whether this upstart word was applicable to automobiles. It appears that it is. The Boston *Transcript*, in its account of the automobile parade at Newport on September 8, speaks of "floral decorated rigs," "Mrs. Belmont's rig," and "the rig driven by Mrs. Meyer."

The use of "wheel" for bicycle is bad enough. Is life so short in this country that the brevity of "rig" is to prove its sufficient recommendation? The word is in use on the signs of some livery-stables in New York; but then sign-board English knows neither law, dictionary, spelling-book, nor grammar.

Marconi and Wireless Telegraphy in America

THE youth of twenty who, as a student at the University of Bologna, astonished his instructors with his strange ideas and original experiments, was not easily believed when he claimed to be able to send a message through a hill on his father's estate.

"People were not willing to accept such a statement then," said Mr. Marconi; "but I did not care for that; I went on with my experiments, and succeeded in sending messages, without wires, two miles through intervening hills and woods just the same."

Perhaps this indifference to public opinion explains much in Marconi's subsequent success. The boy who spent his spare time in experimenting with tin and iron capped poles in Italy soon learned that his Hertzian waves could do more than pass through two miles of hills and woods. Oscillators and resonators replaced crude reflectors and condensers, and higher poles meant greater distances. The young enthusiast was beginning to be believed when he went to England and startled scientists there by establishing communication between captive balloons and perfecting the experiments with pole stations. His system seemed to be feasible. At any rate, an enterprising Dublin paper thought it worth trying in connection with reporting yacht-races of the Kingston Regatta. And while they were testing him, he tested their faith. During one of the races, when the yachts were out of sight of land, Marconi foresaw how the race was going, and telegraphed in to his assistant to place a bet for him. "The time limit for wagers had not expired," said Marconi, telling the story, "but they refused me," and the inventor smiled as he recalled the incident.

Then followed the work in the English Channel, culminating in the establishment of wireless communication between Dover and Boulogne, his service to the Prince of Wales in keeping constant communication between the royal yacht *Osborne* and the Queen's household during the illness of the Prince, and, finally, the triumph of directing the English fleet in their recent manœuvres, sending messages more than eighty miles from one ship to another, and 130 miles through two ship stations.

"These last experiments," said Marconi, in reply to a question, "were most convincing. But it was a great undertaking," he added: "twenty-four hours a day for me, so much depended on the result."

English confidence was then thoroughly established, the system was adopted by the navy, and now another requirement is added to the qualification of an English naval electrician.

From such a series of successes Marconi comes to America to accomplish wonders on this side of the Atlantic. On the day of his departure from England, September 14, the British Association of Science was meeting at Dover, the French at Boulogne, and the Italian at Como. The English body flashed a wireless message across the Channel to the French Association, whence it was sent to the King of Italy, who was presiding over the Italian scientists, congratulating Italy on having produced another man whose work in electric science was destined to make his country proud of her son, as she is of the achievements of that other great Italian, Volta, first in electrical experiments.

There is no trace of the magician in this young inventor. To the casual observer he is a slender young man, fair in appearance, nervous in temperament, and preoccupied in manner. His youth—he is but twenty-four years old—is the most striking fact about him until you look into his face and see the intense energy and earnestness of a genius.

"With these simple batteries and induction coils you purpose sending messages without wires to a distance of 100 miles?" was asked him, as he was arranging his instruments soon after his arrival.

"Yes, and farther," he replied. "A sending and a receiving station are all I need, and it does not matter what comes in between—hills, fog, steel-trussed sky-scrapers, or net-work of wires; they make no difference; the Hertzian waves seem to pass through them all."

"The curvature of the earth?" I began.

"There is no trouble there; if there had been, my messages during the fleet manœuvres would have passed several hundred feet over the station. The waves seem to follow the curvature naturally."

"But about the messages said to pass through four miles of cliff between Dover and South Foreland? Sir William Preece says that this could only be done by the conduction system, and yours is the aerial. Isn't it possible that your ether waves pass over and around the cliffs?"

"Well, perhaps they do," he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders; "they get there, anyway, and that is the important thing."

There is much in the system that is difficult to understand, and much more that is hard to believe. But those who know Marconi do not lack faith in him, and the results of his work in America they believe will be of great importance.

"We are going to report the international yacht-race from a steamer to two stations, one on land and the other on board a cable-ship which will be anchored out beyond the yacht course," said Marconi. "The work will be much the same as that of the Kingston regatta. London, Paris, and New York will receive the messages at the same time. Of course a great deal depends on the result of these experiments, but I feel as safe with my ether waves as I would with telegraphic wires."

The reporting of the yacht-races, however, is only preliminary to the more serious and important work which Marconi will do for the United States government this fall. Already Rear-Admiral Bradford is preparing for the experiments with the navy. An attempt will be made to arrange to duplicate the British fleet manœuvres of last summer, and our North Atlantic Squadron may learn how much easier it could have blockaded Santiago Harbor if it had had Marconi's system.

The Signal Service, too, will experiment in the use of wireless communications. Indeed, it is largely through the efforts of General Greely and Colonel Squier that Marconi is here. With them he will work along the Atlantic coast, testing the possibility of using the system on light-ships and at light-house stations. Possibly connection may be made between Key West and Cuba in a similar manner to that over the English Channel. There seems to be no reason why this may not be accomplished. The establishment of the system on all ships and at all light-house stations and dangerous points along the coast would prevent shipwrecks; the confused mariner could

WILLIAM MARCONI.
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locate his ship in a storm, and distressed vessels could be quickly aided. The Italian and English governments have already learned the value of the wireless apparatus, and are using it with great success. It is not unlikely that we shall follow their example.

The great advantage, of course, in the wireless system for coast work is that of ease of operation, in motion, in all kinds of weather, and in spite of any obstacle such as rock, cliff, hill, wood, or water. The ordinary means of communication are entirely unsuited to some of the important kinds of work which the wireless system accomplishes easily. For instance, it is very evident that wires could not be used between moving objects, and it is in this ability to flash messages from moving ships, balloons, or railway trains, as we shall soon do, that Marconi's system is effective practically.

"What are the possibilities?" said Marconi, repeating the question "I have a great deal of serious and hard work to do before I want to say much about them; I am working now on a system of electric syntony by means of which I can so tune my aerial instruments that my messages may be directed along parallel rays and be received only by the proper instrument. Of course at the present time only my own instruments can receive my messages, but I want to so differentiate and direct the waves that any number of instruments may be used and each receive different messages. The only limitation on directed messages would be the curvature of the earth, directed waves stopping and undirected waves going on around. Directed waves would be of great value in coast signal-work. For instance, a revolving reflection on a dangerous place would make its impulse felt within its radius on any ship fitted with a receiver.

"How about work on land?" was asked.

"No difficulties as to rights of way," he said, with a laugh. "The system ought to be of value in railway use. Collisions could be prevented, at any rate. In case of war, we could do away with the war-balloon system of signalling from corps to corps. Moreover, the enemy could not cut or tap our wires, and find out what we were saying."

It is curious to note how largely the use of wireless telegraphy enters into the saving and protection of life and property. Compared with the speed of 175,000 miles a second, which the Hertzian waves have, moving ships and trains are stationary, and the mysterious warning may be tapped out long before the danger is reached.

Of all the systems of telegraphing without wires, Marconi's aerial system has reached the highest degree of perfection. Dr. Stiens, the Russian claimant for honors, believes that his earth-conduction system is practicable, but Marconi's objection to this is the enormous expense required to sustain the necessary batteries. Sir William Preece, the advocate of the induction system, has succeeded in sending messages only two miles, and this with three miles of induction coil at each end. On one occasion, at night, he had all the telegraphic wires in Ireland connected from Belfast to Wexford, making a very powerful induction, and obtained only partial success in signalling across to England. Marconi, however, with induction coils that have only a ten-inch spark, already sends his message with wonderful distinctness to a distance of a hundred miles. What he may yet do it is difficult to conjecture. Ocean cables may be done away with.

I asked Marconi about the transferrence of power through the ether.

"That is the way we get all our energy," he replied, "from the sun; but in that case there is a tremendous central power and a natural and inevitable radiation. To come down to smaller conceptions, I hardly know yet what may be done. I see that Tesla is experimenting along that line in Colorado. These electric waves may have more possibilities than we know of now. Future generations may transfer the power of Niagara, for instance, or of tide motion, through miles of intervening space, and apply it to mechanics. We cannot tell."

Perhaps practical wireless telephony may follow. Already another Italian inventor claims to have a system of submarine registry of sound which will operate to a distance of several miles. Marconi has succeeded in sending the sound of an electric spark thirty miles, and no one can foretell what, with his principle of electric tuning and directed ether waves, he may be able to accomplish.

At any rate, telegraphing without wires, with the Morse code, is an accomplished fact. This means that the ordinary speed of telegraphic communication can be maintained. In his work with Colonel Squier this fall it is likely that the synconograph may be used, in which case it will be possible to send thousands of words an hour.

Without unnecessary speculating, the possibilities of wireless telegraphy seem tremendous. There is no wonder of science like it. With the click of the key comes the spark of the induction coil, and miles away—who can say how far it may yet be?—is the instantaneous impulse recording the dot or the dash on the telegraphic slip in the distant station. Then shifting the end of the wire from transmitter to receiver, the relay sounds, the trembler taps against the strange little glass tube which makes the system possible, and the inker records the answer that is flashed back across the intervening space.

HENRY HERBERT.

"Pigeongram" Service

THE New Zealand government has recently adopted a novel but thoroughly successful form of postal service between Auckland and Great Barrier Island, a distance of thirty miles, by means of homing pigeons; and, together with this new system, a strange word has been admitted to the philatelic glossary—the word "pigeongram."

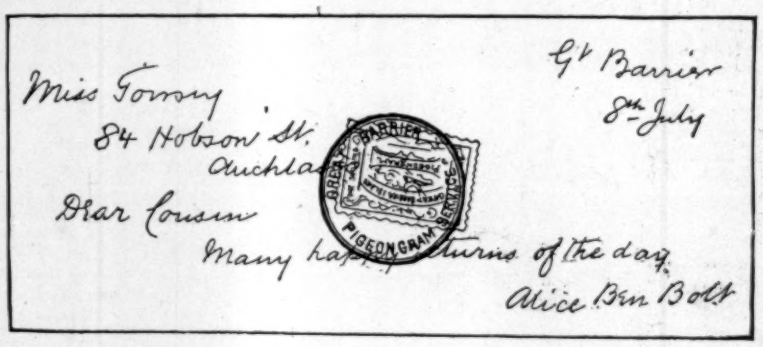
The Postmaster-General authorized, as an experiment, the issuance of 600 special "pigeongram stamps," one of which was to be used on each message sent. These stamps cost one shilling each, and are purchased and cancelled at the two post-offices in the usual manner. The message is written in lead-pencil on thin but tough tissue-paper, and the stamp is placed on the centre and then cancelled. The message is folded up into a small compass, tied under the wing of a bird, and in an hour is in the hands of the person to whom it is addressed.

The remarkable celerity with which these "pigeongrams" are received and delivered, and the simplicity of the entire operation, suggest the employment of similar means of communication between the different islands of groups, such as the Hawaiian group, the Antilles, and the Philippines.

In Hawaii there have been some futile attempts at it; but if placed under government protection and conducted through the business channels of the post-office, a "pigeongram" service ought to be as successful in these different groups as in New Zealand. If the Auckland post-office authorities can send a "pigeongram" for one shilling across an expanse of thirty miles, at a lower rate than the telegraph companies charge for a ten-word message, the proposition ought to appeal to the post-office authorities as a cheap yet swift and accurate system.

The present troubles existing in the Philippines, and the inadequacy or utter dearth of means of communication between the different islands of the group, are in themselves sufficiently illustrative of the great benefits which our government would derive from a homing-pigeon service properly equipped.

ALBERT P. TAYLOR.



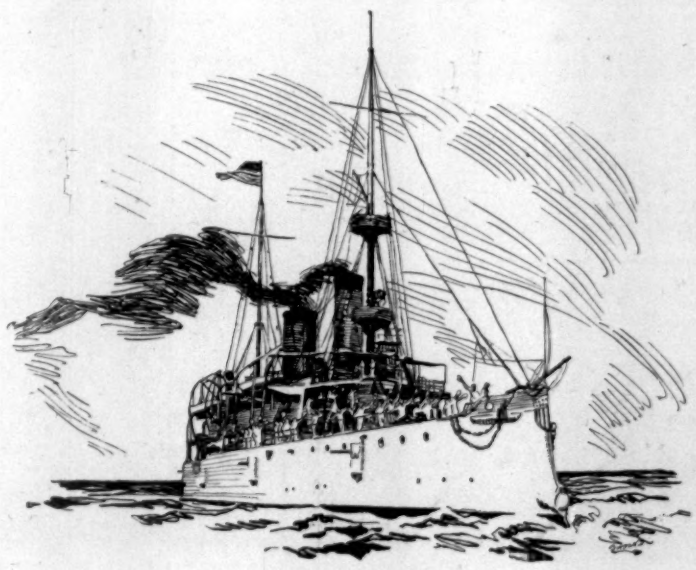
FAC-SIMILE OF PIGEONGRAM MESSAGE, SHOWING STAMP.

THE COURSE FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP RACES.—DRAWN BY L. A. SHAFER.

"Old Ironsides" to "Olympia"

I HAD thought of coming over, but, you see, I'm growing old,
And am just a trifle shaky with the cargo in my hold;
For a hundred years of glory, closely stowed, is solid freight,
Since my banner swept the ocean in that far-off Ninety-Eight.
See the stars in yonder cluster widening out with orbit true,—
How the years have kept me busy tracing new ones in the blue:
But the "tattered ensign" yonder ne'er shall fade from freedom's sky,
While Columbia's children answer to the call to do or die.
So, *Olympia*, take my greeting: On thy prow let sunlight play,
As a nation hails thy coming homeward from Manila Bay!
Lift your torch with pride, Manhattan, open wide your cheery door,—
Here's to Dewey and his heroes, hale and hearty to the core!
List! I hear approaching footsteps. What! is Captain Nichols here?
He who seized the Barbary Pirates, swept the coast of Tunis clear;
Close beside him at the bowsprit Hull, who captured *Guerrière*,
In the century's purple dawning filling tyranny with fear,
When Columbia thought she needed just a little longer helve
For the battle-axe she wielded in the war of Eighteen Twelve:
Bainbridge too, a noble trio,—ah, but those were glorious days;—
Talk of hot revolving turrets when "Old Ironsides" was ablaze!
When the gunners took the open and her deck was red with gore,
Had to do our own "revolving," and the guns were forty-four.
Well, you are a hearty grandchild with your corset wrought of steel,—
Mine, for old-time *Constitution*, oaken stays from deck to keel;
Just a loving name, "Old Ironsides," but the prophecy is clear
In to-day's steel-plated wanderers cap-a-pie in fighting-gear:
Nichols thinks you're shooting cannon through your funnels to the sky,
Says your muzzles are a-smoking, wonders why you aim so high.

"....SWEPT THE OCEAN IN THAT FAR-OFF NINETY-EIGHT."

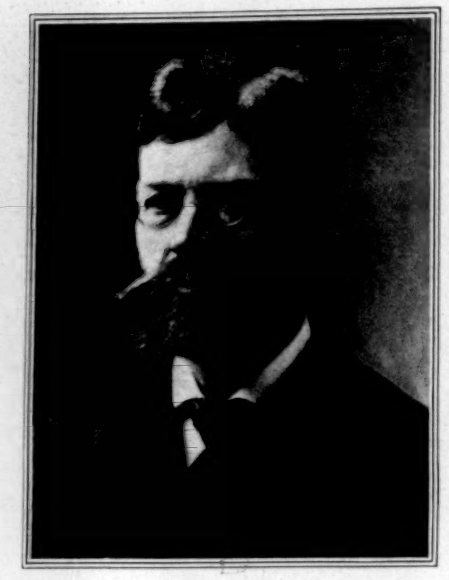


"....COMING HOMEWARD FROM MANILA BAY!"

Ay, 'tis curious what has happened since the century was new,
But we always kept our schedule and arrived when we were due.
Didn't get around so lively. Once, hemmed in by circling foe,
No breeze blowing, it was funny, took our row-boats for a tow;
British squadron trailing after, following suit to meet our lead,—
Sort of International Contest, glorious race, but little speed;
Twenty hours of straining muscle, Yankee grit and British brawn,
Four miles off the nearest vessel when the breezes woke the dawn:
Then on wings of spreading canvas clear the course before us lay,—
Two days later single-handed took their leader for our prey.
Garrulous, perhaps you'll call me, put me down as an antique,
But to see you in your glory sends the color to my cheek.
'Tisn't merely clothes, *Olympia*, fashion is a fool's decoy,
They are only outside trappings, but the stuff is in the boy;—
Born there, read your Dewey's story, Perry's, Farragut's the same;
Note the title-page of childhood, and you have the hero's fame:
Cool, unswerving, just, and fearless, rounding all with sense complete,—
Epigram of Yankee humor: "Stop the battle; let us eat."
Innocent suggestion surely that he thought he'd like a change
In a neighboring ship's position that it might not get in range.
Wanted sea-room, and he got it,—diplomat and soldier blent—
Shot and shell and wit united, telling Europe what we meant.
My, it stirs "Old Ironsides'" pulses,—how I wish that I could be
Just one moment 'mid the welcome and the plaudits of the free.
I have been at lots of "doings," and perhaps may yet come down,—
Nay! suppose you weigh your anchor and put in to Boston town.
We will meet you at the threshold, and your heart will melt and thrill
At the dear Old Homestead greeting, 'tis your own New England still.
So, if I'm not there to greet you, come by land or come by sea;
To the freedom of our city and our hearts you hold the key.

WALLACE BRUCE.

CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL. D.,
President Harvard University.



REV. W. DE WITT HYDE, D. D.,
President Bowdoin College.

REV. W. J. TUCKER, D. D.,
President Dartmouth College.

Two International Church Councils

At the time of this writing two very significant international church councils are sitting—one, the Congregationalist, in Boston; the other, the Presbyterian, in Washington.

Within hearing of the fathers of New England, if indeed their dust be still sentient, English Nonconformists and American Puritans have been holding an amiable conference in Boston upon matters civil, religious, social—a conference whose only harsh notes are those of the Britishers in denunciation of that ecclesiasticism which is still dominant in the mother-country's Church and school, though it is more tolerant than when Bradford left Austerfield and Brewster forsook Scrooby.

In that great cosmopolitan gathering in Tremont Temple there were Scotchmen who said they were ready to fight a Bannockburn again for religious liberty; Englishmen, some from Cromwell's own country, and many with his spirit, who so berated the priesthood of their mother that an Australian son was constrained to speak in her defence; but the great majority were Americans, who felt special stirrings of pride in the fresh praises of Puritan sacrifice, labor, and achievement.

It seemed to me, however, that the Pilgrim Father must have felt the polemical brethren from across the sea to be of nearer kin than the heirs of his name and fame, if not his stern theology, on this side; for the former are still fighting the battle at home which he quitted to find the peace of a wilderness nearly three centuries ago. And yet the Puritan spirit here is doubtless but awaiting the occasion for its expression.

And the Pilgrim Father must have questioned, too, whether these were indeed his theological heritors. Religious freedom he sought, though he gave it grudgingly to others; but the very means he took to preserve the body of theology which he brought with him has been the very cause of its loss, and the source of the civil liberty which his political progeny enjoy.

I asked one acquainted with the personnel of the council who were the most prominent ultra-conservatives, theologically, and his answer was, "There aren't many such nowadays, at least in prominent places." Though the greatest evangelist in our country told me, only a few weeks ago, that the fires of higher criticism were dying out, the addresses at this council and the manifest general sympathy of the auditors with their sentiments allowed one to believe that if the fires had subsided it was not because all those bewitched of heresy had been burned. Heterodoxy has in its prevalence become orthodoxy. When President Hyde of Bowdoin arraigned the setting up "of the formulations of the past as tests of the teaching of to-day or standards of orthodoxy to-morrow," some conservative "heretics" showed signs of disapproval; but the house was with him, clergy and laity.

The discussions that gathered about the school were the most interesting to the lay mind, and perhaps the most vital, after all. It was about the ecclesiastical domination of the public-school in England that the delegates from that country were most concerned. One of them, praising our public-school system as the institution that should lead all the diverse interests and forces into unity through the pursuit of child-development, said, in grieved yet still hopeful tones, that it seemed a child had been put in their own midst to tear them asunder. And I could hear John Bunyan, whose spirit was present in the person of Dr. John Brown, now pastor of the Bedford Church, speak in the words of another delegate from old England when he asked deliverance from those who "would have no education unless it were religious education, no religious education except dogmatic religious education, and no dogmatic religious education unless it was my dogma."

It is gratifying to turn from the rather dark picture painted of the English public schools by their delegates to the schools of the transplanted Puritan. When the few colonists had builded their houses, reared their churches, settled the civil government, and provided themselves with the necessaries of life, they "longed for and looked after means to advance learning and to perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall die in the dust"—the very sort of a school, by-the-way, from which the English Puritans are now asking escape, except that it was Puritan ecclesiasticism then.

President Eliot, the foremost Puritan of this generation, and the highest exponent of educational theory and practice in this country, in his estimate of the achievements of Congregationalism stretched the word to include all denominations in which the Congregational polity obtains (his own denomination, the Unitarian included—indeed claiming for his sect the distinction of being the only true Congregationalists, since they do not admit that the least authority resides in a "council"), although some of these hold and promulgate theological doctrines abhorrent to the English Independents and New England Congregationalists of the seventeenth century. He ascribes to their polity (that is, the democratic form of church government) an influence in favor of education and civil liberty greater than that of the body of theology which two hundred and seventy years ago was accepted by the Congregationalists. This polity, he made plain, was a safe one only when based upon sound education, and so the preservation of the church made necessary provision for education, and that provision in turn resulted in a constantly changing creed with the constantly changing knowledge. To use his own words before the council (and it is to be doubted if the recent years have brought together under one roof so many thoughtful and forceful men of the two nations):

> No church which claims an absolute authority over its members—an authority derived directly from God—can be thus stimulating either to independent thought or to self-reliant action. No church which maintains officers or rulers who are the recipients or depositories of authority conferred by the Deity over the lay members of the body can possibly produce any such effects as Congregationalism has produced on human society in the course of the last 270 years. Devout members of the Greek Church, the Roman Church, or the Anglican Church must become independent thinkers and free men without aid from their church toward independence and freedom, and rather in spite of than because of the polity and doctrine of their church. The Congregational churches, on the other hand, make a direct, positive contribution to the gradual development of civil liberty and of free institutions.

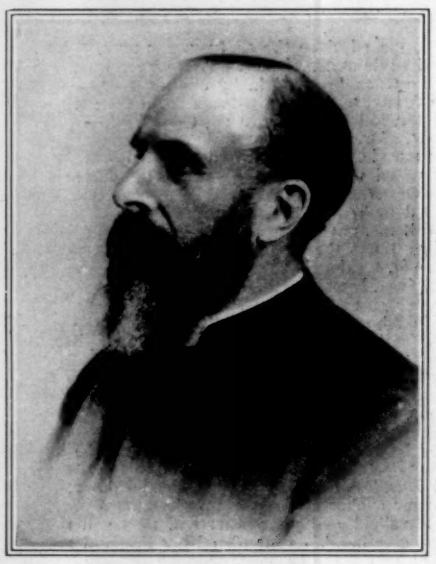
And it is this same polity, divisive as it has seemed to be in the past, that, in President Eliot's opinion, is to be the foundation of church unity, laying stress on Christ-like conduct, whatever the creed may be, helped by whatever ritual or ceremony, and grounded on reverence and worship expressed in whatever form.

President Eliot's characterization of Congregationalism characterizes also this great council: "It makes for righteousness through freedom to unity."

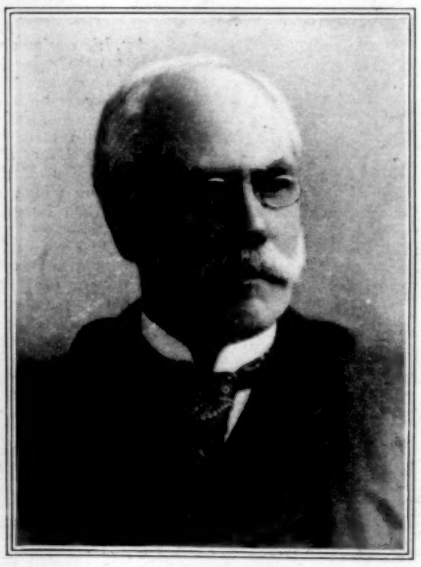
Meanwhile another council is assembling in Washington, the Seventh Council of the Alliance of Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian System, in which representatives from at least thirty different foreign countries are participating. This is not a legislative body, but, like the Congregational council, is convened for the discussion of questions within the scope of the Church, for interchange of suggestions, and the promotion of international amity and good-fellowship.

One thing distinctly in mind is the furtherance of unity within the denomination. Already the Free Church Assemblies of England and of Scotland, three in all, are sending delegates to one another's highest courts, who sit and vote as full members; and this year the Irish Assembly joined. By another year the United and the Free Churches of Scotland will be one body, as the same bodies in England already are. By-and-by, as Dr. McCosh's idea expands, Presbyterian bodies in this country will be affected, and the Presbyterian Church will become a national instead of, as now, a sectional denomination.

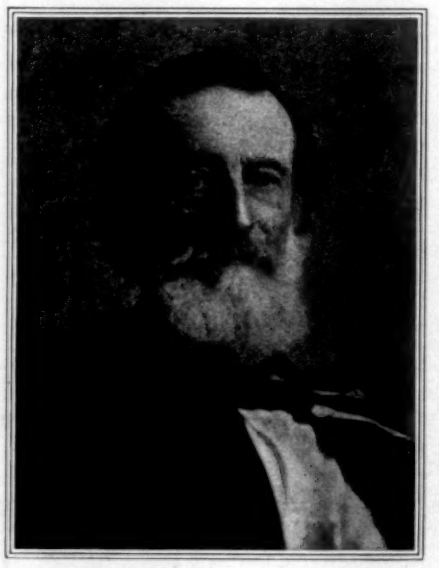
The programme is comprehensive in scope, and embraces papers and addresses by many distinguished ministers and laymen, prominent among whom are those whose portraits are presented below.



REV. J. MARSHALL LANG, D. D.,
Of Glasgow. President of the Council.



REV. JOHN DE WITT, D. D.,
Of Princeton, who delivered opening Sermon.



REV. JAMES STEWART, D. D.,
President Free Kirk of Scotland.

THE JEW IN DRAMA

"The Ghetto" & "The Children of the Ghetto"

HANNAH AND *DAVID.*

WE have had two plays about the Ghetto of late, but if we had had many more they would have told only one story. The history of the Jews in Christendom has everywhere been much the same. We have hated them, and, if the truth be told, we are afraid of them; so we build walls about them to shut them off from all we live for and enjoy. The walls may be of stone, with iron gates, as in that earliest Ghetto in Venice, or they may be walls of prejudice, as to-day. Their effect is the same. Behind them the Jew has been forced back upon his ancient life, with its narrowness, its simple affection, its charity, and upon his nobly austere religion, with its tyranny of meaningless laws. In his poverty and bondage his only worldly dream has been of wealth and freedom; the strength of the race has had the one aim of breaking through the Ghetto walls. And when the walls are passed, the tragedy of the Jew begins. This tragedy has nowhere been more beautifully told than in Mr. Zangwill's *Child of the Ghetto*—the story that is very fitly the prelude of his volume of stories, *Dreamers of the Ghetto.*

The World and the Ghetto.

The child was born to the sombre life of the Jewish quarter of Venice, and grew up in the shadow of the synagogue in piety and learning. When he came of age he undertook the ten days' fast of the new year, and on the tenth day, the great White Fast, he left the temple faint and almost delirious, and wandered beyond the gates of the Ghetto into the heart of Venice. There he saw the Christians in gay costumes making merry in the restaurants, and heard the glorious harmonies of the music playing in the Piazza. He saw St. Mark's, splendid in the sunlight, and wandered into its golden gloom in a rapture of strange awe. There he awoke from his daze, and realized that he was in the alien land, and in the house of the alien God. He fled back to the temple of his people, and finished the fast of ten days in prayer for forgiveness. But he was no longer a child of the Ghetto. He had had a vision of the great world outside of the walls—the world of beauty and of freedom. Henceforth his life must be a struggle between the noble Jewish love of home and of religion and the Jewish love of the great, free, forbidden world, that is no less noble perhaps.

Herr Herman Hevermanns, Jr., the Belgian littérateur who wrote "The Ghetto," is of a mind that the great world is better; and his play, which has been produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as well as in London, Brussels, and most other Continental capitals, is a play with a purpose.

So jüdelt es sich.

The purpose is to show that in the modern world the walls of the Ghetto are of the Jews' own making. *Sachel* (Mr. Sidney Herbert) is an old man filled with the spirit of Jewish materialism and conservatism; he is almost blind. His son, *Rafael* (Mr. Joseph Haworth), is a musician, with a touch of the spiritual fervor and the genius of the Jews. There is a beautiful Christian handmaiden in the household, *Rosa* (Miss Grace Filkins), whom the father in his blindness believes ugly, and with whom the son has fallen in love. The old people are arranging a marriage for *Rafael;* and while they are haggling with the parents of the proposed bride over the dowry, in the frankly worldly manner of the Jews, the love of *Rafael* and *Rosa* is discovered. The affair brings on a crisis in the Ghetto, and *Rafael* is driven by an angry mob to the steps of the synagogue, where the Rabbi exhorts him to be true to the traditions of his fathers. In a mood of bitter satire, *Rafael* pretends to do so, and in a heightened and melodramatic scene offers to sell his hand in marriage. The parents of the proposed bride make their bids of money, but *Rafael* rejects them, and takes the hand of the Christian *Rosa*, who has bidden for his love with love. It is pretty plain that the characters and situation here are symbolic. The blind father represents Jewish materialism; the son, Jewish spirituality; the priest, Jewish piety and law; and the handmaiden, the spirit of the Christian world outside. It is the old story of the Child of the Ghetto. The motive of the play is dramatic; and its treatment, though inclining to be formal and heavy, has many passages that are both amusing and touching. The scenes in which the old people haggle over the proposed bride's dowry are capitally diverting. The acting is competent throughout, and Mrs. McKee Rankin and Mr. Emmett Corrigan take a couple of Jewish character parts as glibly as if they were to the manner born, and perhaps with even more appreciation of the fun of it all. Yet the play somehow misses fire. If it were played in Yiddish in the Bowery, I can imagine its having powerful effect; but on Broadway—even the Broadway of Cohns and Rosengartens—it is a hollow mockery. "Wie es sich christelt, so jüdelt es sich," and nowhere has the Jew found such full liberty to take on the life of the world outside the Ghetto as on this very Broadway. When Binkinson saw "The Ghetto," he at once set about writing a play, the problem of which was to wall the Jews out from Fifth Avenue. "In ten years," said Binkinson, "the four hundred will consist of three hundred and ninety-nine Jews and one Gentile; they will have to keep one Gentile to imitate."

Mr. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" makes its primary appeal as a series of pictures, now amusing, now pathetic, which are based upon the author's story of the same name treating the life of the London Ghetto. The peculiar fidelity and the skill in stage realism with which these scenes of Jewish life are presented would suggest Mr. James A. Herne and "Shore Acres," even if the programme did not tell one that Mr. Herne staged the play. The voice is the voice of the Jew, but the hand is the hand of our Yankee. The first act gives us the jolly details of the celebration of the Feast of Chaunkah in Zachariah Square; the second act is at a ball at the People's Club in celebration of the Feast of Purim; the third act is a Friday evening at *Reb* (that is, *Rabbi*) *Shemuel's* on the great Sabbath; and the last act shows the Ghetto market-place on the eve of the Passover, with a scene of marketing, an agitation of free-thinkers and labor agitation, and a congregation going in and out of the synagogue. Among the "property" characters of the play are a Shadchan or marriage broker, a Schnurrer or beggar, an Irish woman who tends the Ghetto fires on the days when it is unlawful for true believers to touch fire, and the child or two that Mr. Herne always so delights in. When I saw the play, during the first week of its production, at the National Theatre, Washington, it did not seem to me that the meaning of all the details of stage realism were clearly presented to the Gentile mind, even though the more recondite features were explained on the programme. The production is still in process of refining, however, and as there is the best of talent in all the parts, it will no doubt end by being as clear and convincing as "Shore Acres." Miss Blanche Bates, who takes the part of the heroine *Hannah*, shows more subtlety of method than she has hitherto had scope for in the East; and as *Hannah's* father, *Reb Shemuel*, Mr. Wilton Lackaye presents a character of high dignity and humanity in a manner at once rich and moderate. One claim the play has which "Shore Acres" and "The Reverend Griffith Davenport" lacked. Mr. Herne's own plays are made up of two irreconcilable elements, a homely *milieu* that is worked out with the very pedantry of realism, and a plot that harks back to the guileless melodrama of "Hearts of Oak." Mr. Zangwill's scenes of realism develop a true and inevitable dramatic motive, and develop it with a simplicity of scenic construction and an inevitability of form worthy of comparison with the best plays of Ibsen.

American Realism and the London Jew.

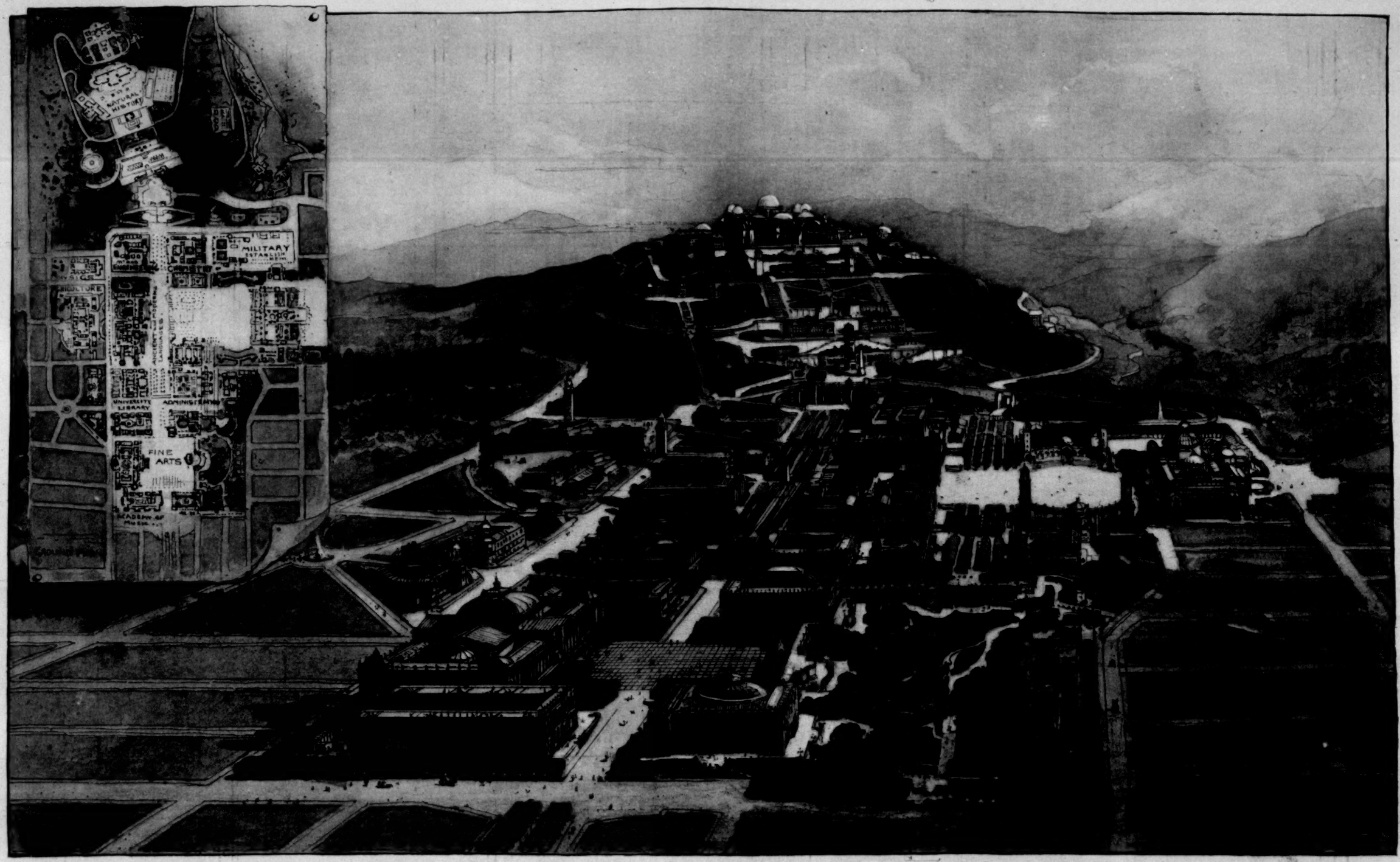
The dramatic conflict is between the austere rigor of rabbinical law and the romantic freedom of the modern Christian world. A young commercial traveller of exuberant spirits places a ring bought for his intended bride on *Hannah's* hand, and in a spirit of fun pronounces the critical words of the Jewish marriage ceremony. To the surprise of all, it is discovered that the act constitutes a legal marriage, as is also the case in Scotland. The only way out of the difficulty is to procure a *ghet* (I think they spell it so), which, according to Jewish law, makes *Hannah* a divorced woman. Subsequently *Hannah* falls in love with an Anglicized Jew, *David Brandon* (Mr. Frank Worthing), who has come home from a prosperous sojourn in Cape Colony. *Hannah's* father, *Reb Shemuel*, makes no objection to *David's* virtual apostacy, relying on his daughter's character and on the strength of the Jewish religious custom to reclaim him; but when it transpires that *David* is of the tribe of Aaron, and by that fact a priest, the marriage becomes impossible, for a priest may not wed a divorced woman. The Jewish law takes no account of romantic affection; indeed, until late years marriage has been a purely material contract—there is no Yiddish word for what we call love. The great struggle of the drama is between this modern passion of *Hannah's* and her reverence and love for her father and for his austere faith. For the moment the Jewish love of family and religion conquers, and the play ends with the separation of the lovers; but the victory can be only for as long as the aged father lives. Perhaps the greatest distinction of the play, which is in many ways great, is the sense one gets that the rigid purity of Jewish home life, and the spiritual majesty of Jewish worship, must in the end be defeated before the freedom and amplitude of the life without the Ghetto.

Christian Love and the Jewish Law.

On the Continent of Europe a Ghetto may still be a Ghetto; but it is not worth Binkinson's while to bother about walling in Fifth Avenue. In a generation or two the Jews will all have taken such names as David Brandon, and after they have had a little more practice in imitating the Gentile, the keenest censor of the four hundred could not count noses.

JOHN CORBIN.

BLANCHE BATES AS *HANNAH*, AND WILTON LACKAYE AS *REB SHEMUEL.*



THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

DRAWN FROM THE $10,000 PRIZE DESIGN BY M. BENARD.—[SEE PAGE 1019.]

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

This story was begun September 9, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatémuc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatémuc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor. The story reverts to Seville, whence Don Rodrigo de Aquilar is sailing for the lands in America granted him by the Spanish King. He is accompanied by his daughter, Julia, and his secretary, Juan Rodriquez. On the voyage the latter declares to Julia his love for her, and threatens mischief in case of refusal. The vessel is wrecked. Juan Rodriquez swims with Julia to the shore, and later sees from a distance two white-robed beings carry her away.... La Salle's mission, to which have been added Henri de Tonti, the explorer's bosom friend, and Zenobe Membré, a Franciscan friar, reaches the "Children of the Sun," as the natives style themselves, and is hospitably received. De Sancerre endeavors to obtain an explanation of the mysterious message. De Sancerre defeats Cabanacte, grandson of Noco, the interpreter of the natives, in a foot-race. Noco informs him that Coyocop, a mysterious being discovered on the sea-shore by the natives, and whom they have deified, is the author of the message received by him.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

THAT Noco had told him all she had to tell, the Frenchman did not for a moment doubt. But, even then, she had thrown little light upon the mystery which confronted him. A mondain to his finger-tips, at heart a sceptic, de Sancerre fostered no belief in miracles. Surrounded, as he had been all the days of his life, by men and women steeped in superstition, his spirit had revolted at the impostures which had served to blind mankind through centuries of human history. Had de Sancerre been wrought of the stuff of which his age was made, he would have reached the conclusion at once that here in the wilderness the avenging spirit of the Spaniard whom he had slain in France was haunting him at night to play him tricks to drive him straight to madness. 'Twould be so easy to account thus for what his reason could not now explain. But de Sancerre was a man who, intellectually, had pressed on in advance of his times. By policy a conformist to the exterior demands of his avowed religion, he had long lost his faith in the active interference in earthly affairs of saints and devils. How the name of Julia de Aquilar had found its way to a piece of vagrom bark in a wilderness, thousands of miles across the sea from the land of her nativity, he could not explain, nor could he harbor, for an instant, the wild idea that Coyocop and his inamorata would prove to be identical. In spite of the malicious horns of his dilemma, nevertheless, he eliminated from his thoughts the possibility that he had become the plaything of supernatural agencies. But who was Coyocop? He must look upon her face without delay.

"Señora, listen!" exclaimed de Sancerre, seizing Noco by the arm. "I must see the spirit of the sun to-night! From the mountains of the moon, where reigns our god in silvery state, I bear a message to the goddess Coyocop. *Peste*, Doña Noco! Have you gone to sleep?" He shook her gently, striving hard to find her eyes.

"It cannot be," muttered the old crone, trembling under his grasp as if the night wind chilled her time-worn frame—"it cannot be. 'Twould mean your life—and mine."

"Hold, señora! Remember Cabanacte—and pin your faith to me! No matter what the odds may be, the brother of the moonbeams always wins! Bear that in mind, good Noco, or the future may grow black for thee. Be faithful to my fortunes—and I'll make your grandson noble once again."

How deep an impression his words had made upon the beldam, de Sancerre could not tell, for at that moment there arose behind him a weird chant, sung by a hundred tuneful voices, rising and falling upon the evening air with thrilling effect. Suddenly beyond them, from the very heart of the City of the Sun, arose a mightier chorus than the King's suite could beget, and the night grew vibrant with a wild, menacing song which chilled de Sancerre's heart, and caused Katonah to press close to his side, in vain striving for the comfort she could not find.

Presently the litter of the King, passing between two outlying houses, turned into a broad avenue which led directly to the great square of the city, at one side of which stood the temple of the sun. The moon had not yet arisen, and what was twilight in the open had turned to night within the confines of the town. De Sancerre, who was a close observer, both by temperament and by habit, strove in vain to obtain a satisfactory view of the dwelling-houses between which the royal litter passed. But when the King and his followers had reached the outskirts of the great square, the Frenchman forgot at once his curiosity as a traveller—forgot even for a moment the problem to solve which he had dared to enter this pagan city in defiance of all discipline and in direct disobedience to La Salle's lieutenant. The scene which broke upon his staring eyes stilled for an instant the beating of his heart, which seemed to bound into his throat to choke him.

The square between the King's litter and the entrance to the temple was thronged with men and women, in front of whom stood long lines of stalwart warriors, the flower of the army which had recently astonished the eyes of the wanderers from over sea. Waving lights and shadows, the quarrelsome offspring of flaring torches, changed constantly the grim details of the scene, as if the night wind strove to hide the horrors of a dancing evil dream.

Directly in front of the main entrance to the temple of the sun-worshippers stood a post, to which Chatémuc had been tied by cords. On either side of him white-robed priests, wielding long wooden rods, the ends of which had been turned to red coals in the sacred fire, prodded his hissing flesh, while they sang a chant of devilish triumph, in which the populace, enraged at the sacrilege attempted by the Mohican, joined at intervals.

Facing the dying martyr, who gazed down at him with proud stoicism, knelt the gray-frocked Franciscan, Zenobe Membré, holding toward the victim of excessive zeal the crucifix, for love of which Chatémuc the Mohican was now freeing his soul from torment.

"Nom de Dieu!" cried de Sancerre, placing his hand upon his rapier, "this savage sport must end!" In another instant the reckless Frenchman, carving his way to death, would have challenged an army, single-handed, had not Katonah, reeling from the horror of her brother's death, fallen senseless into his reluctant arms.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH THE GRAY FRIAR DONS THE LIVERY OF SATAN.

"IT was a miracle! A voice from heaven whispered in my ear, and turning back, I left de Tonti, angry, threatening, to take his way alone. To give my Chatémuc the words of absolution at the last, the Virgin Mother led me by the hand. And now in paradise he wears a martyr's crown. The saints be praised!"

The earnest eyes of the Franciscan were turned upward in an ecstasy of gratitude and devotion. Seated upon a wooden bench by the gray friar's side, de Sancerre listened musingly to Membré's account of the Italian captain's attempt to entice him back to de la Salle's camp before he had learned the outcome of Chatémuc's effort to extinguish a flame from hell.

Noco, well understanding the present temper of the sun-worshipping priesthood, and acting upon a command given to her by the Great Sun himself, had managed, with considerable difficulty, to persuade de Sancerre and Katonah to secrete themselves for a time in her unpretentious but not comfortless hut. Her rescue of Zenobe Membré from his threatening environment at the martyred Mohican's side had been, she flattered herself, a triumph of adroitness, and she sat in a dark corner of the room at this moment whispering to her gigantic grandson, Cabanacte, warm praise of her own cleverness. She had saved the Franciscan from the immediate vengeance of the sun-worshipping priests by suggesting to the latter that the summary execution of the gray-frocked singer of unorthodox chants might arouse the anger of Coyocop, whose coming, prophecy had told them, was connected, in some occult way, with the predicted advent of the white-faced envoys from the moon. Sated with the cruel entertainment vouchsafed to them by the death-twitchings of the stoical Chatémuc, the white-robed guardians of the sun-temple had permitted the Franciscan to depart with Noco, although the latter well knew that thenceforth every movement which she and her gray-garbed companion made would be noted by the dark eyes of fanatical spies.

The room in which the refugees—for such the antagonism of the dominant sun-priests had made them—had found shelter for the night was a picturesque apartment, fifteen feet in length and breadth, and lighted by flickering gleams from the embers of a fire of walnut wood. Upon a bed of plaited reeds, resting upon a wooden frame two feet high, lay Katonah, grief-stricken, motionless, making no sound. Heart-broken at her brother's awful fate, the Indian maiden nursed her sorrow in loneliness and silence. In vain had the good friar attempted to console her for her irreparable loss by painting, in eloquent words, the rewards awaiting a martyr who died for love of Mother-Church. Katonah was too recent a convert to the Franciscan's faith to realize and rejoice in the unseen glories of her brother's heroic self-sacrifice. She had listened to Membré's soothing words with a grateful smile upon her strong, symmetrical face, but evident relief had come to her when the gray-frocked enthusiast had retired from her bedside to seat himself beside de Sancerre in the centre of the room.

"Parbleu!" muttered the Frenchman, casting a searching glance at the corner in which Noco and Cabanacte were engaged in earnest, low-voiced converse, "these people show outward signs of enlightenment, but they have a most brutal way of putting a man to death. The savage delight which those white-robed devils seemed to take in basting poor Chatémuc made my sword-point itch. 'Twas well for me Saint Maturin was kind. He checked my folly just in time. But listen, father! The martyrdom of Chatémuc must now suffice. Those imps of hell will have your life anon, unless you foil their craft by craft. I think I hear their stealthy footsteps menacing these sun-cooked walls, and making challenge of our god the moon."

The Franciscan put up his hand to enforce silence, that he might listen to the furtive footfalls outside the hut. At that moment Noco and her grandson stole toward the centre of the room. The stalwart sun-worshipper, who now looked upon de Sancerre as a supernatural being worthy of the most reverential treatment, towered aloft in the narrow chamber like a keen-eyed, sunburnt ogre who had lured a number of unlucky dwarfs to his den to have his grim way with them. Stretching his long body at full length before the sputtering fire, Cabanacte turned his admiring gaze toward the troubled face of his fleet-footed conqueror, and waited for Noco to put into words the thoughts which fretted him.

"You—all of you—must leave here to-night, señor," said the old woman, in a guttural whisper. "The Brother of the Sun is your friend, but the priests of the temple look with suspicion upon you and the gray chanter. They would not dare to defy openly the King, but they have tracked you to this hiding-place, and will work you mischief if they may."

"But, señora, I fear them not!" exclaimed de Sancerre, drawing his rapier and allowing the fire-flashes to gleam along the steel. "Saving the father's presence here, one sword against a priesthood is enough. My tongue's as boastful as a Gascon's, is it not? But list to this, señora! I leave here only when I've had some speech with Coyocop, the spirit of the sun. When that may be I do not know, but Louis de Sancerre, a moonbeam's eldest son, has sworn an oath—and so, señora, my welcome I must stretch."

Cabanacte, who had learned a little distorted Spanish from his loquacious grandparent, had caught the drift of the Frenchman's speech. Putting forth a large brown hand, shapely in its massiveness, he touched the buckles upon de Sancerre's shoes, and exclaimed, in what sounded like a parody upon Noco's rendition of an alien tongue:

"Good! Good! The son of moonbeams has a lofty soul! And Cabanacte is his body-guard! No harm shall come to you, despite the oath our priests have sworn!"

The smile upon de Sancerre's ever-changing face was the visible sign of varied emotions. Pleased at the cordial proffer of Cabanacte's friendship, the Frenchman was astonished to discover that the giant had picked up a Spanish vocabulary, which, in spite of his peculiar pronunciation, was not wholly useless. That the survival of a Spanish *patois* among these sun-worshippers suggested a pathetic page of unwritten history de Sancerre realized, but his mind at that moment was too disturbed to linger long over an ethnological and linguistic problem. Turning to face the Franciscan friar, he said:

"Père Membré, these pagan priests seek vengeance upon you. They have no reason yet for hating me, a splinter from a moonbeam, who makes no open war against their creed. But, for the cause of Mother-Church, we must lure them from their grim idolatry. Let Cabanacte use his strength and wits to find a pathway leading to our camp by which you may return. Here I shall stay until our leader, coming North again, shall send me word to quit this place, leaving behind me a friendly race—soil ready for the seeds of living truth."

It was not excessive self-laudation which had led de Sancerre to believe that he possessed the qualifications essential to success in diplomacy. Whenever he had set out to effect a purpose seemingly worthy of studied effort, he had found no difficulty in checking the satirical tendencies of his flippant tongue. At this moment he was gazing at the Franciscan's disturbed countenance with eyes which seemed to gleam with the fervor of his zeal for Mother-Church. Wishing to convince Père Membré that the ultimate conversion of these pagans from their worship of hell-fire to the true faith depended upon their possession of a hostage who should study their manners and customs, and learn the shortest path by which their unregenerated souls might be reached, de Sancerre explained his plan of action to the friar with an unctuous fervor which convinced the latter that he had underestimated the errant courtier's enthusiasm as a proselyter.

"But the Mohican maiden, monsieur? I owe it to Chatémuc the martyr, now with the saints in paradise, to place her in the care of de la Salle. His sword, my crucifix, must guard Katonah for her brother's sake."

The walnut embers in the clumsy fireplace had grown black and cold. For some time past no sound had reached the ears of the schemers from the menacing environment outside the hut. The moon had touched its midnight goal, and sought, in passing, to probe the secrets of old Noco's home.

"*Bonnement!*" exclaimed de Sancerre. "Go to her at once, good father, and tell her that 'tis best she should return with you to-night. I'll join you presently. Meanwhile I must have further speech with Noco and her grandson."

Presently the moonbeams, which had stolen into the hut through chinks between the timbers and the hardened mud, threw a dim light upon a most impressive tableau. The white face of the Frenchman was bent close to the dusky visage of the athletic sun-worshipper, while Noco, squatting upon the ground, bent toward them her wrinkled grinning countenance, an effigy of "Gossip" wrought in bronze. Bending over the reed-made couch upon which Katonah, dumb with misery, lay listening, stood the gray friar, whispering to the seemingly phlegmatic and obedient maiden the Frenchman's late behest.

Before the moonbeams could take their tale abroad the scene had changed. From a corner of the hut Noco had brought to the Franciscan and his charge flowing garments of white mulberry bark, in which Katonah and the friar reluctantly enrobed themselves. With a harmless dye old Noco, whose time-tested frame seemed to defy fatigue, deftly changed the protesting Membré's white complexion to light mahogany.

"Mother of Mary! I fear me this is sacrilege," muttered the friar, nervously seeking his breviary beneath the white uniform of a lost sun-worshipper. "*Satis, superque!* You'll make my face, old woman, as black as Satan's heart! The saints forgive me! Were not my life of value to the Church, I'd gladly die before I'd don this ghostly livery of sin."

Meanwhile de Sancerre had been straining his weary eyes in the effort to scratch a message to de la Salle with his dagger's-point upon a slip of white bark.

"The Spanish have tampered with a mighty nation," he wrote. "I remain to learn the truth; to find a way to win them to our King. Camp where you are when you return. I'll learn of your approach, rejoin you then, and bring you news most worthy your concern. *Au revoir, mon capitaine!* For France, with sword and crucifix!"

As he scrawled his signature beneath these words, Katonah glided silently to his side, a maiden whose grace was not destroyed by her unwonted garb—a costume enhancing the dark beauty of her proud, melancholy face. Her light hand rested gently upon his arm for a moment.

"The good father tells me that you would have me go," she murmured, in a voice of mingled resignation and regret. De Sancerre, handing her the slip of mulberry bark upon which he had scratched a message to his leader, smiled up into the yearning face of the lonely girl.

"Give this to our captain, Sieur de la Salle," he said, sharply. "Fail not, Katonah! My life, I think, depends upon this scrawl."

A smile flashed across the maiden's mournful face as she pressed the bark to her bosom, heaving with a conflict of emotions, to which no words of hers could give relief.

"His hand shall hold it ere the sun is up," she said, simply. "Farewell!"

De Sancerre, looking up into the girl's eyes, felt with amazement the tears creeping into his. He bent his head and imprinted a kiss upon her slender, trembling hand, which felt like ice beneath his lips.

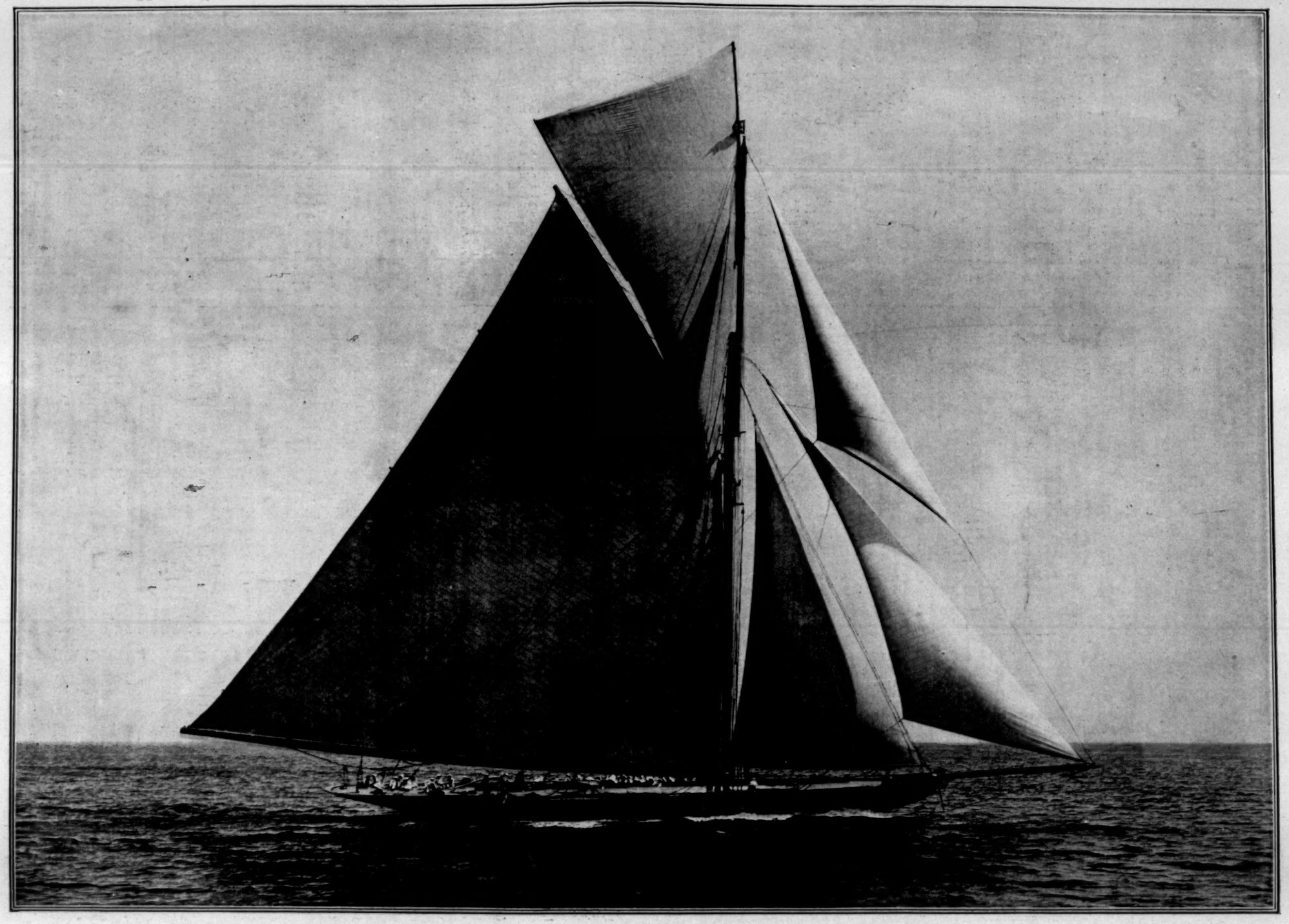
"Courage, *ma petite!*" he cried, with forced gayety. "You will return anon! And then, the river once again, and home—and friends—and—"

His voice broke, and when he had regained his self-control he saw that Katonah had joined Cabanacte and the friar at the entrance to the hut.

CHAPTER XVI.

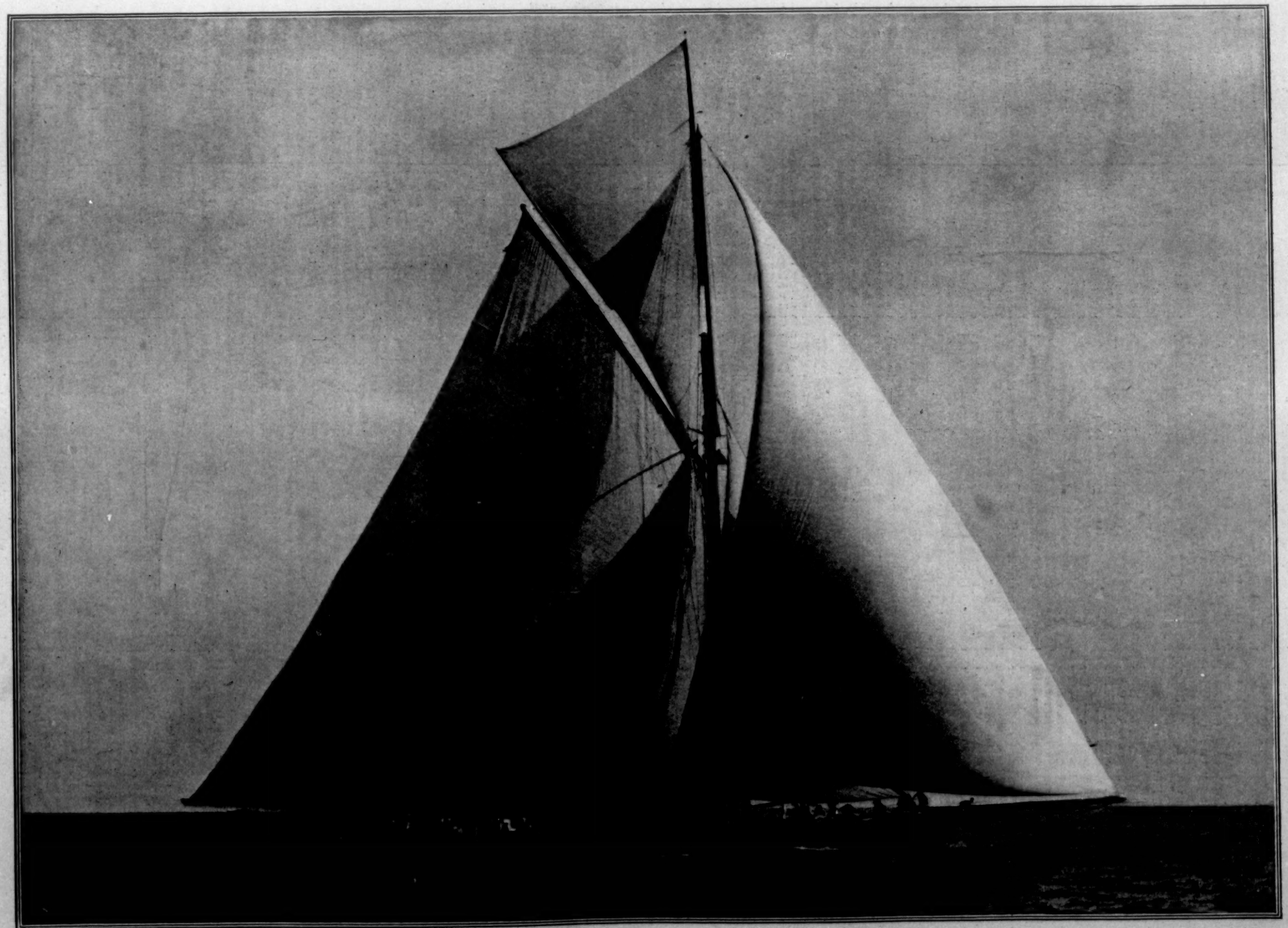
IN WHICH A SPIRIT SAVES DE SANCERRE FROM DEATH.

THERE reigned in Noco's hut intense silence. Stretched upon a bench in the centre of the room lay de Sancerre, his head bent forward and his eyes agleam, while he listened apprehensively to the murmurs of the night outside. On the ground at his feet squatted his aged hostess, quick to interpret every sound which echoed from the



THE CUP-CHALLENGER "SHAMROCK" CLOSE-HAULED ON PORT TACK.

From a Photograph, Copyright, 1899, by James Burton.



THE CUP-DEFENDER "COLUMBIA" ON PORT TACK.

From a Photograph, Copyright, 1899, by Frank H. Child.

sleeping town. Her eyes still burned with the light of her marvellous vitality, but her present posture indicated that her old bones had grown weary of the friction begotten by a long and exacting day.

"All is well, señora? You hear no threatening sound?" De Sancerre's voice bore witness to the excitement under which he labored at that crucial moment.

"A dog barks, near at hand; an owl hoots, far away. Our friends are safe beyond the town—and all is well!"

"*Bien!* Doña Noco, I trust the keenness of your ears. I feared the searching gaze of wakeful spies. 'Tis possible your priests have gone to sleep."

The old hag grinned. "Make no mistake," she exclaimed, in her broken Spanish. "Their eyes have seen your people, but, fearing Cabanacte's wrath, they dared not search beneath the white robes at his side. Within the temple chatting priests will ask each other whom my grandson guides. They'll ask in vain! But hark! The night's as quiet as a sleeping babe."

"Then, when I'm in the mood, I'll vow a candle to St. Raphael," cried de Sancerre, lightly. "He travelled safe by wearing a disguise! But tell me, Doña Noco, is the coast now clear? I've set my heart upon a look at Coyocop's abode. I cannot sleep until I know where this fair spirit of the sun is lodged."

The beldam's black eyes flashed with excitement. Her overwrought frame seemed to renew its vigor as she arose to her feet and hurried toward the low-cut entrance to the hut. An instant later de Sancerre found himself the solitary occupant of a dreary and disordered room. He peered through the shadows toward the exit through which Noco had passed, and, for a moment, doubt of her good faith entered his mind. He fully comprehended the perils of his environment, and realized that upon the loyalty of the old hag who had just left his side depended his escape from the dangers which beset him. While it might be that he, an envoy from the moon, helped to fulfil an ancient prophecy in which these fickle sun-worshippers put faith, the fact remained that their chief, the Great Sun, had failed to give him countenance before the temple priests. It had become painfully apparent to de Sancerre that the real centre of authority in this land of superstitions was to be looked for near the sacred fire, and not at the King's throne. The fact that the Brother of the Sun had found it inexpedient to lodge the Frenchman in the royal residence bore testimony to the strong ties which bound the palace to the temple, to the close relationship of church and state. To a man who had spent years at Versailles, the influence exerted by a priesthood upon a king was not a marvel.

"*Ma foi!*" muttered de Sancerre to himself, as he rested his aching head upon his hand and watched expectantly the hole in the wall through which Noco had departed. "The old *finesse* which served me well at courts has worn itself to naught. In France or in this wilderness my fate's the same. I jump to favor—then the King grows cold, and potent priests usurp the place I held. But, even so, the tale is not all told. I'm here to solve a puzzle, not to fawn upon a prince nor tempt the vengeance of a temple's brood. So be that Noco's true, I yet may work my will upon a stubborn mystery."

At that moment a hideous grin, weird offspring of ivory and bronze, rewarded de Sancerre's straining gaze.

"Follow me, señor," whispered Noco through the hole which served as a door to the hut. "There's no one in the city now awake save nodding priests who feed the fire with logs. I'll show you in the moonlight where Coyocop's at rest."

In the white light of a cloudless night the City of the Sun lay disguised in a beauty which the bright glare of its own deity destroyed by day. Grouped around the temple, the houses of the sun-worshippers, rising gracefully from artificial mounds, were softened in their outlines by the moonbeams, until they formed a city upon which de Sancerre, accustomed as he was to the architectural splendors of the Old World, gazed with surprise and pleasure. Choosing the shadows cast by the sun-baked walls for her pathway, Noco led the stranger past the most pretentious building in the town, the sacred temple in which a mystic fire was ever kept alive. Like an earthen oven, one hundred feet in circumference, the stronghold of a cruel priesthood impressed the Frenchman with its grim significance. As he and his withered guide crept noiselessly past the silent, shadow-haunted fane, de Sancerre succumbed to a shudder which he could not readily control. Upon a palisade above his head, surrounding the temple upon all sides, skulls gleamed in the moonlight, bearing sombre witness to the horrors of the cult by which a noble race was brutalized.

"*Dios!*" he muttered in the old hag's ear, as he clasped her by the arm. "The shambles of your creed offend my sight! If you love me, señora, we'll leave this place behind!"

They had not far to go. Beyond the temple and facing the east stood the spacious cabin in which the Brother of the Sun maintained his royal state. It was silent and deserted, as they stole by it to take their stand in the shadow cast by a house proud of its nearness to the home of kings. White and silent, the night recalled to de Sancerre's mind an evening in the outskirts of Versailles, when, having eluded the watchful eyes of his Spanish rival, he had tempted Doña Julia de Aquilar to a stroll beneath the moon. His heart grew sick with the sweetness of his reverie. He could see again the dark, liquid eyes, the raven hair, the pale, perfect face of a woman whose splendid beauty mocked him now as he stood there, a waif blown by the cruel winds of misfortune to a land where grinning skulls stared down at him at night, as if they had heard the story of his lost love and rejoiced at his cruel plight.

"Come! Come, señora," he murmured, fretfully, turning to retrace his steps, and seemingly forgetful of the object of his perilous pilgrimage. "Come! Let us go back!"

"Hush, señor! Listen!" whispered the old crone, hoarsely, pulling him closer toward the house in the shadow of which they lingered. "Listen! 'Tis Coyocop!"

De Sancerre leaned against the wall of the hut, made dizzy for a moment by the wild beating of his heart. In perfect harmony with the melancholy beauty of the night arose a sad, soft, sweet-toned voice, which came to him at that moment like a caress bestowed upon him in a dream and made real by a miracle. De Sancerre clutched old Noco's arm with a grasp which made her wince. Gazing at the moon-kissed scene before him with eyes which saw only a picture of the past, he listened, white-lipped, breathless, trembling, to an old Spanish song, into which Juan Fernandez Heredia, more than a century before this night, had breathed the passion and the melancholy of a romantic race:

"To part, to lose thee, was so hard,
So sad that all besides is naught;
The pain of death itself, compared
To this, is hardly worth a thought."

A sob set to music, despair turned into song, a voice telling of unshed tears, echoed through the night, and gave way to silence for a time.

"*Nom de Dieu!* Do I dream, or am I going mad?" muttered de Sancerre to himself, peering down at his silent companion as if seeking an answer to the questions that beset him. Suddenly the voice, whose tones spoke to his heart in the only language known to all the world, again made music out of misery:

"There is a wound that never heals—
'Tis folly e'en to dream of healing;
Inquire not what a spirit feels
That aye has lost the sense of feeling.

"My heart is callous now, and bared
To every pang with sorrow fraught;
The pain of death itself, compared
To this, is hardly worth a thought."

The song gave way to silence, and drawing himself erect, like a man who awakens from a trance, de Sancerre turned to Noco.

"'Tis the spirit of the sun," whispered the old crone. "'Tis Coyocop. She sings at night the songs we cannot understand."

"Listen, señora," muttered the Frenchman, striving to check the impetuosity which tempted him to defy the perils surrounding him and to enter the hut without more ado. "'Tis the spirit of the sun—of life and hope and love! I worship her, señora. By what astounding chance—But let that pass! Doña Noco, you must speak to Coyocop at once. Tell her—"

De Sancerre's words died upon his lips, for the wiry old hag had dragged him by the arm around a corner of the cabin before he could end his sentence.

"Silence!" she murmured. "A priest of the temple has come this way to listen to the spirit's voice. 'Tis well for us that my old eyes are quick."

Not heeding the angry protests of the Frenchman, whose longing to send a word of greeting to a singer whose voice seemed to have reached him from a land far over sea was driving him to desperate deeds, Noco led de Sancerre rapidly, by a circuitous path they had not trod before, toward the quarter of the sleeping town in which her hut awaited them. Beneath the ghastly sentinels grinning down at them from the temple's palisades they stole for a space, and then turned to pick their way toward Noco's home behind cabins which cast long shadows toward the east.

Stepping from the gloom into the moonlight, Noco, holding the Frenchman like a captive by the arm, was about to enter her hut with her rebellious guest, when there arose around them, as if the earth had suddenly given birth to a night-prowling priesthood, the white-robed figures of a score of silent men.

"What have we here?" exclaimed de Sancerre, breaking away from Noco's clutch, and drawing his rapier from its sheath. "My sword is fond of moonlight! Ask these ghostly cowards, señora, how they dare to dog the footsteps of the Brother of the Moon. Just say to them that in this blood-stained blade there's magic, made of silver dust, to kill a thousand men."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. DOOLEY*

ON THE SIEGE OF JULES GUERIN

WHILE th' thrillin' scenes I'm tellin' ye about is goin' on, Hinnissy, worse is bein' enacted in beautiful Paris. In that lovely city, with its miles an' miles iv sparklin' resthrants—la belly Paree, as Hogan 'd say—th' largest American city in th' wurruld, a rivolution's begun. If ye don't believe it, r-read th' pa-apers. They've arrested a pote. That was all r-right, f'r Fr-rance is sufferin' fr'm too much pothry that 'll scan, as Hogan says, an' too much morality that won't. They ought to be a rule f'r th' polis to pinch anny pote caught poting between th' hours iv twelve an' twelve. But th' mistake th' chief iv th' polis made was to r-run in a butcher at th' same time. What th' butcher 'd done, I dinnaw, but annyhow they accused him iv wantin' to pole-ax th' gover'mint, an' they thrun him into a cell. Now th' butcher he had a frind be th' name iv Guerin—an Irish name it is, but this la-ad don't appear to be wan iv us—Jools Guerin. He was wanst in th' thripe business, but he is now r-runnin' a newspaper, like most iv th' people iv Fr-rance. As a thripe butcher his circulation was larger an' among a betther class than his newspaper. Bein' a la-ad with a fine sinse iv gratichood, an' havin' been wanst fed an' clothed be a Jew man, he calls his pa-aper th' *Anti-Jew*, an' its principle is whin ye see a Jew hand him a crack in th' jaw. 'Tis a good principle, though I wanst knew a man be th' name iv Solomon Felsenthal, that was known in th' ring as Mike Gallegher, th' Tipp'rary Cyclone, as a thribute to th' feelin's iv th' pathrons iv spoort, an' if Jools had thried to carry out his platform with Solly, they'd be no siege in Fort Chabrool. Not anny. That Jew man 'd been champeen iv the wurruld if all iv him cud 've kept out iv close quarthers with th' man-again' him.

I don't quarrel with Jools' feelin's, mind ye. 'Tis th' histhry iv th' wurruld that th' Jews takes our watches fr'm us be tin per cint. a month, an' we take thim back be means iv a jimmy an' a piece iv lead pipe. They're on'y two known methods iv finance—bankin' an' burglary. Th' Jews has th' first down fine, but all th' rest iv th' wurruld is at home in th' second. So Jools 's all r-right as far as he goes. But he don't go far.

Well, whin Jools hear-rd that his frind the butcher was sloughed up he wint fairly wild. He says to himsilf, he says, "I'll go home," he says, "an' defy th' gover'mint," he says. "I'll start a riv'lution," he says. "But," he says, "I must first notify th' polis," he says, "so's to prevint disordher," he says. So he wint to th' chief iv polis, who was an ol' frind iv his—they was in th' same newspa-aper office or thripe dairy or something—an' th' chief kissed Jools, an' asked him what he cud do f'r him.

"I wish," said Jools, "ye'd sind down tin or a dozen good men in uniform an' a few detectives in citizen's clothes," he says. "I've asked some ladies an' gintlemen to a five-o'clock riv'lution at my house," he says, "an' I'd like to be sure they'll be no disordher," he says.

"Well," says th' chief, "'twill not be aisy," he says. "Ye see, th' Prisidint—I f'rget his name—has been asked to go to th' r-races with some frinds," he says, "an' they will prob'bly thry to kill him," he says. "We can't play anny fav'rites here," he says. "We have to protect the low as well as th' high," he says. "If annything happens to this man th' case is li'ble to be taken up be th' ex-Prisidints' association, an' they're num'rous enough to make throuble f'r us," he says. "But," he says, "I'll do what I can f'r ye, me ol' frind," he says.

"Give us th' best ye have," says Jools; "an' if ye've nawthin' to do afther ye close up, ye might dhrop in," he says, "an' have a manifesto with us," he says. "Come just as ye ar-re," he says. "'Tis an informal riv'lution," he says.

An' away he wint. At sharp five o'clock the riv'lution begun. Th' sthreets was dinsely packed with busy journalists, polis, sojers, an' fash'nably dhressed ladies who come down fr'm th' Chang's All Easy in motocycles. There was gr-reat excitement as Jools come to th' windy an' pinned a copy iv his vallyable journal on th' sill, accompanied be a thrusty liftnant wavin' a statement iv th' circulation iv th' *Anti-Jew*. Jools at this moment was a tur-rble sight. He was dhressed fr'm head to foot in Harveyized, bomb-proof steel, with an asbestos rose in his button-hole. 'Round his waist was sthrapped four hundhred rounds iv ca'tridges an' eight days' provisions. He carri'd a Mauser rifle on each shoulder, a machine-gun undher wan ar-rm, a dinnymite bomb undher another, an' he was smokin' a cigareet. "Ladies an' gintlemen," he says, "I'm proud an' pleased to see ye prisint in such lar-rge numbers at th' first riv'lution iv th' prisint season," he says. "With th' kind permission iv th' hated polis, undher th' di-rection iv me good frind an' fellow-journalist Loot Franswoo Coppere an' th' ar-rmy, f'r whose honor ivry Fr-rinchman 'll lay down his life, th' siege will now begin. We will not," he says, "lave this house till we have driven ivry cur-rsed Cosmypollitan or Jew," he says, "fr'm this noble land iv th' br-rave an' home iv th' flea," he says. "Veev Fr-rance," he says. "Veev Jools Guerin," he says. "Conspuez Rothscheeld," he says. "It's ye'er move, Loot," he says to th' polisman.

"I defer to th' ar-rmy, whose honor is beyond reproach," says th' polisman, "or reco'nition," he says. "Veev l'ar-rmy," he says.

"Thank ye," says Gin'ral Bellow, salutin'. "I will do me jooty. Man can do no more," he says. "Jools," he says, "surrinder," he says. "Ye cannot longer hol' out," he says. "Ye have provisions on'y f'r eight years."

"We will remain till th' last wan iv us perishes iv indigestion," says Jools.

"Thin I must take sthrong measures," says the Gin'ral. "At a given signal we will storm th' house, bate down th' dures, smash in th' roofs, cut off th' gas, poison th' wather-supply, back up th' sewer, break th' windys, an' r-raise th' rint."

"Do ye'er worst," says Jools, proudly.

"Thin," says th' gin'ral, imprissively, "if these measures do not suffice, I will suspind th' deliv'ry iv th' mails," he says.

"Miscreant!" cried Jools, tur-rnin' white. "An' this is called a merciful gover'mint," he says. "Mong doo!" he says, "what cr-rimes will not Fr-rinchmen commit again' Fr-rinchmen?" he says. "But," he says, "ye little know us if ye think we can be quelled be vi'lence," he says. "I have a last card," he says. "I refuse to give th' signal," he says.

"Thin," says th' gin'ral, tur-rnin' away with tears in his eyes, "we must adopt other measures."

"Very well," says Jools; "but mark wan thing—that if ye attempt to make me ridiculous, ye shall suffer."

"I assure ye, Mong Editor," says th' gin'ral, earnestly, "that th' gover'mint will not make ye anny more ridiculous than it makes itsilf," says he.

"Me honor is satisfied," says Jools. "Do ye'er worst," he says.

At eight o'clock th' minister iv war arrived an' took command. He ordhered up twinty rig'mints iv cav'lry, tin batthries iv artill'ry, an' two divisions iv fut-sojers. It was his intintion to sind th' cav'lry in over th' roofs while th' ar-amy carried th' front stoop, protected by fire fr'm th' heavy artill'ry, while th' Fr-rinch navy shelled th' back dure. But this was seen to be impossible, because the man that owned th' wine-shop next dure he said 'twud dhrive away custom. All th' sthreets f'r miles ar-round was blockaded without effect. Th' fire department was called to put Jools out, but wather niver touched him. Th' sewer gang wint down an' blocked th' dhrains, an' Jools soon had inspiration f'r a year's writin'. At last accounts th' garrison was still holdin' out bravely again' a witherin' fire iv canned food, lobsters, omelets, an' hams. A brave gossoon in th' sivinth artill'ry did partic'larly effective wurruk, hur-rlin' a plate iv scrambled eggs accrost th' sthreet without spillin' a dhrop, an' is now thrainin' a pie like mother used to make on th' first windy iv th' sicond flure. It is reported that th' minister iv war at four o'clock to-morrow mornin' will dhrop a bundle iv copies iv Jools' paper through th' chimbley. Whin he opens th' window a pome be Paul Deroulede 'll be r-read to him. This is again' th' articles iv war, but the case is desp'rate.

But I was thinkin', Hinnissy, as I walked down th' Roo Chabrool, how I'd like to see a Chicago polisman come sthrollin' along with his hat on th' back iv his head. I don't love Chicago polismen. They seem to think ivry man's head 's as hard as their own. But I'd give forty-three francs, or eight dollars an' sixty cints iv our money, if th' Fr-rinch gover'mint 'd sind f'r Jawnny Shea an' ask him to put down this here riv'lution. Th' nex' day they'd move th' office iv th' Anti-Seemite Society to th' Morgue.

F. P. DUNNE.

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AMATEUR SPORT

"COLUMBIA," fleet and happily named champion of the New World, this week will meet *Shamrock*, challenger from the Old World, in a contest for the *America's* Cup, which forty-eight years ago, over a course around the Isle of Wight, the "Yankees" won from all England, and have since successfully defended against all comers.

The series begins on the 3d, and, with a day intervening between heats, ends when either yacht has won three races.

Apparently Sir Thomas Lipton and William Fife, owner and designer respectively, have much confidence in the challenger's ability to win the cup. Certainly *Shamrock* has not been sailed during her practice work on this side of the Atlantic as if the need was felt for vigorous tuning. She has been handled more like a yacht of whose racing potentialities no question existed.

No doubt Sir Thomas knows the speed of his boat, and has been satisfied with sail-stretching trials—for that really just about expresses the character of her trial sailing in American waters; no doubt also, Fife knows the structural peculiarities of his creation, and seeks no unusual tests before the great event.

"SHAMROCK" is a very fast boat—all her sailing has proved it; she is also, so it is affirmed on good authority, the least strongly put together 90-footer that has crossed the Atlantic. But that will not handicap her chances in the races off Scotland Light this week. She is notably fast in running and in reaching, and thoroughly formidable to windward; and she is not at her very best in the lightest of breezes.

Columbia has been prepared for her races very differently from *Shamrock;* she and her crew have undergone long and severe training. Too much work could not be given them, and the defender will cross the line as fit as skill and money and hard, persistent work can make her.

How fit *Columbia* is, few besides those intimately associated with her have more than a vague intimation, and the yachting public is ignorant of the speed of which she is capable. I believe she will prove a revelation to those who see her this week. She has not yet disclosed her true form—no more has *Shamrock*, for that matter.

All sportsmen hope the challenger will win at least one race; but if she does, she must travel at a gait no yacht has yet shown.

OVER courses sometimes known, more often hypothetical, *Shamrock* has been timed by means of "patent logs," by comparison with the often uncertain pace of following tugs, and by guess—and the times announced have given the challenger rare speed. Last week, on one straight reach of fifteen miles, she is said to have sailed at the rate of thirteen and one-eighth knots. That is handsome sailing; we hope the suggested pace will prove to be more than mere report.

Columbia in the same week sailed from New London to City Island, eighty-four nautical miles, in six and one-quarter hours, which is an average of thirteen and one-quarter knots to the hour. In stretches, as the wind favored, she sped along at fourteen knots!

At all events, we shall have a race, and the nearer the wind keeps to an average strength of about twelve knots, the closer the contest will be. Below that strength of wind *Columbia's* superiority will be emphasized by every diminishing knot. Above fourteen knots, or in any wind approaching a blow, she will hold her canvas longer than *Shamrock*.

It is to be hoped there will be no accidents; and though I have deep-seated confidence in *Columbia's* greater speed, in all-round weather, for three races out of five—may the better boat win!

PHILADELPHIA cricket, which stands for the very best of American cricket, will be put to severe test during the course of the next ten days, in opposing not only the strongest team of English amateurs that has visited us, but one which is fairly representative of the strength of the Gentlemen of England. Indeed, it is highly probable that the eleven Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji has brought over could beat any other amateur eleven in England, as those familiar with the great names of English cricket may judge by the following array of talent.

K. S. Ranjitsinhji and George Brann, Sussex; A. MacLaren, Lancashire; C. L. Townsend, Gloucestershire; G. L. Jessop, Cambridge University and Gloucestershire; A. E. Stoddart, Middlesex; B. J. T. Bosanquet, Middlesex and Oxford University; S. M. J. Woods, Somersetshire; C. I. Robson, Hampshire; A. Priestley, Marylebone C. C.; J. Robertson, Cambridge University; C. Llewellyn, South Africa.

This season's averages of some of these suggest what may be expected in the way of batting. Townsend has an average of 54.46 for 34 innings, highest score, 224, not out. Woods, 42.67 for 27 innings; highest score, 126. Jessop, 34.38 for 18 innings; highest score, 126. Brann, 32.21 for 40 innings; highest score, 157. MacLaren, 36.17 for 17 innings; highest score, 126.

Woods was here with Lord Hawke's team, Jessop came with Mitchell's Oxford and Cambridge eleven, and Bosanquet came over last year with Warner's team—and, by-the-way, made a record of 51 wickets for 7.31, and a batting average of 25.40 for 10 innings.

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI.
Head of the English Cricket Eleven.

In bowling, Townsend this season has captured 72 wickets for 26.20; Wood, 21 for 35.76.

The strength of the team lies in its adaptability. In bowling on a hard wicket they have Jessop, Woods, and Bosanquet, while on a sticky wicket Llewellyn and Townsend would make it interesting for any team. Thus with their batting they could get comparatively as many runs on a bad wicket as on a good one.

RANJITSINHJI is of course the star of this team, as he would be of any team in the world. It is as difficult to classify "Ranji" (as he is called on the other side, and as we must also call him to save type) with the present generation of cricketers as Vardon in golf, or as was the case with Alfred Lyttleton in tennis. The question will always be a mooted one as to who was the greater bat, W. G. Grace or this adopted son of an Indian Raja—a native potentate corresponding to a State Governor.

"Ranji" was born at Sarodar, province of Kathiaward, in 1872; was educated at Rajkumar College, Raj Kote, India, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He made his first appearance for Sussex, the county of his adoption, in 1895, and led the Sussex averages that same year. In 1896 he scored 2780 runs, beating by 41 runs W. G. Grace's highest average, which had stood for a quarter of a century. This season he has made the unparalleled record of 3036 runs, which is practically 65 runs in each of 55 innings.

MOST distinguishing feature of "Ranji's" cricket is the ease with which he gets his runs. Not that on the sticky wicket he can get more runs than W. G. Grace or Shrewsbury or F. S. Jackson, but when he gets them he makes the bowling seem so simple. And on a fast, dangerous wicket he revels in fast bowling. Let the bowling get up ever so high—with a flick of his wrist away goes the ball to the leg boundary. His batting is the perfection of timing, and it is as accurate on the leg side as on the off.

What "W. G." accomplished with his weight and strength "Ranji" does with his timing, the use of the wrist on the right ball and at the right time.

Again, his accurate placing makes the eleven men in the field seem like six fielding to another batsman. If he should come off with a large score, his batting will be a revelation to American cricketers.

Another of the great batsmen of the world with the visiting team is Archie MacLaren, the Lancashire captain, and the "skipper" of the All England Eleven this year. From the day that he made a century for Lancashire against Sussex in his first county match, when only sixteen years old, he has been recognized as the finest exponent of back play in the world. The good-length ball that the ordinary batsman is content to stop, MacLaren can get past mid off or mid on for four, and with such ease you hardly realize what has happened till the ball is under the ropes.

He is famous also for his cutting; but I fancy he will find this stroke more difficult on our fiery wickets than on the English ones.

TOWNSEND, of Gloucestershire, the English critic would unhesitatingly pick as the next best bat on the team, and good enough to play for England, as he did this year, because of his batting alone. He is a slow scorer, as a rule, with the typical left-handed stroke in front of cover-point and another one back of point. A fine slow bowler also—almost the best in England in 1894 and 1895. Very slow, high in the air, and breaking both ways, he needs a fast, crumbly wicket for his most effective work.

Like many other bowlers, his bowling has gone off as his batting came on; but give him a wicket to his liking, and he will be the most dangerous bowler on his side to the home team.

If by any chance these first three should fail to come off, there are a fine lot of batsmen left in Stoddart, Jessop, Brann, and Woods, all of whom have played at different times for England.

Four years ago Stoddart was bracketed with Grace and Shrewsbury as the greatest of English batsmen, and it is only his ill health that has compelled his retirement from first-class cricket. Ability to get runs on a bad wicket or when they were sorely needed was always the most distinguishing feature of his batting. A brilliant fielder, especially in the out-field, and a slow bowler of more than ordinary ability.

SHOULD, by any chance, a rot set in, beware of Jessop and Woods, the former the fastest scorer the world has ever seen, and the latter always at his best in a pinch. Jessop's strokes are *sui generis* and essentially unorthodox, and, curiously enough, he can score faster off fast bowling than off slow. There is no use placing the field for him in any particular way, as he never seems to hit the same ball twice in the same way.

Against Yorkshire, in 1897, he went in twelve minutes before lunch, and at luncheon had 32. He got 67 more in half an hour after luncheon. He is a fine fielder anywhere, and an untiring, fast bowler.

Brann is just the man to stop a rot. Once the fastest scorer in England, now one of the slowest, and the hero of many a long partnership with "Ranji" for Sussex.

Of the other members of the team, Robson is the veteran Hampshire wicket-keep, and a good one still; Bosanquet is Oxford's fast bowler, while Priestley and Robertson are unknown in first-class cricket.

Llewellyn, the South African, is qualifying for Hampshire. A slow left-hand bowler and a hard hit ing bat, he made a brilliant début for Hampshire with eight wickets for 120 runs, and a score of 71 against the Australians.

THE HOME TEAM BATTING.

As a whole, the team is wonderfully strong in batting and fielding, and a useful bowling side on a bad wicket; and if the wickets should be fast and true in Philadelphia, I look for the home team to get a lot of runs; but should it win one of the matches from this powerful combination, it will be a wonderfully creditable performance.

The schedule of matches arranged for the visiting eleven began last week with three days' play against twenty-two "colts" on the Belmont Club grounds at Philadelphia, followed on the Merion grounds by a three days' struggle against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia. This week "Ranji's" team will meet All New York on the Staten Island Cricket Club grounds, and on the 6th, 7th, and 9th will play its final and most important match, with the Gentlemen of Philadelphia on the Germantown Club grounds.

AUTUMN golfing is developing the younger element at such a pace, one is prepared for upsets in almost any tournament. Three times there came very near being one at Westbrook, when the amateur champion, H. M. Harriman, won the club cup by only 1 up from Louis Livingston, Jr., after having successively defeated G. G. Hubbard and C. Hitchcock, Jr., in earlier rounds by the same margin. And the closeness of the score was not entirely due to the periods of careless work to which Harriman seems addicted when fortune is smiling upon him—but to the excellent play of his opponents.

The tournament furnished additional evidence of the great improvement making in our average form. Last year, in this same event, H. B. Hollins, Jr., won the gold medal in the qualifying round with 185. This year R. C. Watson, Jr., won the medal with a score of 171, and seven others beat the winning figures of 1898—*viz.*, H. B. Hollins, Jr., 176; H. M Harriman, 178; J. F. Curtis, 179; G. C. Clark, Jr., 181; Charles Hitchcock, Jr., 183, C. T. Richardson, 183; and W. L. Gunther, 184.

The tournament also emphasized the importance to winning golf of the short game, for with scarcely an exception the particularly good scores were due to bold, accurate work on the putting-greens rather than to exceptional strength in the long game. Indeed, there was a surprising amount of mediocre work in the long game of several of the leaders. This was especially true of Hitchcock and Hollins, the latter probably owing his defeat because of this, for him, somewhat unusual display.

HARRIMAN showed he had not been using his driver very much lately, for he was too inaccurate, on occasion, off the tee, and with his brassey, for one capable of so dependably good work in this department. But he was in form with his irons, and, in fact, owed his successful progress through the tournament to his masterful approach shots, seconded by high-class putting. It is in this direction—in truth the most important in the game—that Harriman reveals a natural strength which places him, in my judgment, at the very top of American amateurs. He may be caught off his game and defeated now and again, but when really in form there is none in this country outside of the professional ranks who can beat him out in eighteen or more holes.

Among the younger players who have been more or less prominent this season there seems little choice in match play among Livingston, Hitchcock junior, Hollins junior, and Hubbard; but that little appears to favor Livingston because of his consistently good play. From the first to the last of the Westbrook tournament he showed the most even form, and, in fact, against Harriman, almost invariably sent a longer ball from the tee.

His match with J. P. Knapp did not put him to his utmost endeavors, but certainly it was Livingston's steadiness which beat Hollins junior, even in driving, which is usually the strong feature of the latter's game.

Hitchcock junior is a very promising young player; in some respects he gives evidence of eventually attaining to greater skill than Livingston—already he is more brilliant, but lacks that consistency of performance which makes Livingston's play so formidable. Not that Hitchcock is unsteady, as his work throughout the week proved; but his play has not yet disclosed that indifference to surroundings, and that ability to bring off one's very best strokes at all times, which was something of a feature in Livingston's work, and is the unbeatable feature of Harriman's strength when he is in his real form.

WATSON (R. C., Jr.), Clark junior, and Curtis are another group among the younger players, following closely upon the tournament heels of the other just discussed. Curtis seems not to have made, since graduation, the advance his college-day play suggested. And that is quite natural too—for one never again approaches one's sport with the single-mindedness and the enthusiasm of undergraduate days. Still, Curtis has improved and must be classed among the leading half-dozen of our strongest younger players.

Clark is still in that heyday of sport, the undergraduate period, and is certain to materially extend his present tournament limit. Already he is one of the longest drivers seen this season, but his short game requires considerable steadying. This is especially truth in half-iron approach shots, where accuracy counts for so much.

Watson, after winning the gold medal for the lowest score in the qualifying round, appeared to lose his eye, and Curtis had him at his mercy at all times during their match. Both Hollins and Watson appear to be at their best in medal play.

Thus far no tournament has been given this autumn in which the match play averaged so close and so thoroughly good as at Westbrook, and with R. C. Watson beaten by Curtis, and Clark junior and Hubbard by Harriman, and Curtis by Hitchcock junior, the semi-finals found Harriman, Livingston, Hollins junior, and Hitchcock junior surviving.

HOLLINS junior is always a formidable opponent, but at Westbrook, his home links, he has been regarded as invincible to any of his own class. For three years—'96, '97, and '98—he had won the gold medal for lowest qualifying score in the annual tournament, besides holding the course record of 172, until R. C. Watson lowered it last week by one stroke.

Thus the chances in his match with Livingston were regarded by his friends, and, with less confidence perhaps, by many others, as very largely in his favor. But Livingston proved a surprise, developing greater strength than he had previously shown in public, and playing some of his approach shots with a neatness and steadiness by no means common to average tournament play.

Hollins was not quite so strong as usual from the tee, but otherwise his game equalled its customary force. Both did some weak putting once or twice, but the average of their short game was commendably good; and Livingston won by 2 up and 1 to play because of consistently good play, especially in the short game.

Meantime Hitchcock had been making a desperate resistance against Harriman, and but for the hard luck of a bit of turf behind the ball interfering with his stroke on an eighteen-inch putt at the last hole, and therefore responsible for a miss, would have necessitated at least one extra hole to decide the match. As it was, it proved one of the best matches of the week, and demanded better golf than the champion found it necessary to exhibit at any other time during the tournament.

He made the first nine holes in 41, and Hitchcock junior kept close behind with 44. Harriman was 4 up at the eleventh hole, but the younger player, from there on, showed the better game, and but for the unhappy misfortune on the home green would have halved the match at the eighteenth hole.

ANOTHER narrow victory awaited Harriman in his match with Livingston, though the actual play did not show so many brilliant strokes as the one of the preceding day. Livingston won the first hole, and at the fifth the two were even. A pulled drive by Livingston and an approach in the sand-pit by Harriman, added to halved holes, made them even again at the end of the first nine holes. The second nine holes showed some of the poorest play of the day by both, and Harriman ended 3 up.

Both improved on the third nine, Livingston especially, the round ending 2 up in Harriman's favor. In the last round, Livingston showed the strength and steadiness which made his work so surprising and so notable in as young a player. At the third hole in this final round he succeeded in making the score even all; at the sixth hole he was 2 up, and it looked as though he were about to defeat the national champion. But Harriman at this critical moment made one of his characteristic spurts, and with a 4, 3 (a stroke below par), and 5 took the remaining three holes—and the match by 1 up. Sometimes Harriman warms to his work too late; Newport afforded one of those occasions, and Shaw beat him. From the point of view of developing one's game, it is a decided mistake, in my judgment, to loaf through an easy match. It is certain to eventually prove a deterring factor in one's golfing progress.

One of the most entertaining matches of the week was that in which Hollins junior met and defeated J. A. Tyng; the latter had been the victor at their last meeting, but the younger player amply vindicated himself at Westbrook. It looks as though Mr. Tyng's generation and character of player had been passed by the college boys.

This is not that Mr. Tyng and his type have lost their golfing eye, or that their strokes are not just as effective as formerly—but the effort they must apply, owing to their imperfect style, entails such expenditure of nervous and muscular energy that they must necessarily be passed in the long race by those playing in good form, and consequently well within themselves.

APROPOS of athletic reform, there comes to me by a recent mail a letter so relevant to the great question of *mens sana in corpore sano* it seems fitting it should be given publicity in these columns.

The letter will be read with increased interest when I add that no other man on the Pacific coast has labored so zealously for wholesome amateur sport as its writer:

San Francisco, *September 12, 1899.*

In an issue of the Weekly during the latter part of the year 1897, in commenting on the then condition of the Olympic Club, you wrote: "If the Olympic Club will elect to its directory men whose doctrines of amateur sport are sound and wholesome, perhaps it may pass the present crisis in safety. There are three men in San Francisco whom the Olympic A. C. needs as its president, vice-president, and secretary—William Greer Harrison, William F. Humphrey, and John Elliott." I have never until the present month (September) been a member of that club, but when Mr. Harrison was nominated for president, and Mr. Elliott a member of the Board of Directors, I applied for membership, and am proud to say I am now an "Olympian." The election of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Elliott was followed by the results you prophesied over two years ago. The enclosed clippings from the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* show that the bonded indebtedness will be decreased about $100,000 by reason of prominent citizens cancelling bonds as an appreciation of the actions of the members in electing Harrison and Elliott, who are determined to improve the athletic and financial standing of the club. Elliott, in speaking with me, assured me that he and Mr. Harrison are determined to keep the club and its members within the spirit and the letter of amateur law—in fact, they intend to have it the first amateur athletic club in America. I not only expect to see the debt liquidated, but a resuscitation of amateur sport. It seems the day of clean athletics in California has dawned.

The rowing-clubs of this coast have formed an independent rowing organization as a step toward severing their relationship with the A.A.U. This is really a good move for both the A.A.U. and the rowing-clubs, but especially for the former, as the rowing-clubs have too great a voice in the management, and rowing is encouraged at the expense of general athletics.

It seems as if California is still alive.

With my best wishes, I am,

Very truly, yours,

William F. Humphrey.

NOTHING could more strongly illustrate the athletic truism—that permanent athletic prosperity may only be attained by healthful methods than the history of the Olympic Club of San Francisco.

It is the oldest athletic club in the United States, and for many years was one of the most prosperous and sport-giving. There came a time, however, when the governors grew careless of the character of membership, and the club's offices were given to men not at all in sympathy with wholesome, clean athletics.

Discord among members, dishonesty in athletics, and overwhelming indebtedness followed rapidly, and it came to pass a couple of years ago that there was no health in the club, and no confidence in its stability or future.

Election of William Greer Harrison to the presidency comes now as a buoy thrown to a man who is sinking for the third time. If there is any one who can pull the Olympic Club out of the mire and hold it true on a straightforward course, Mr. Harrison is that man; and John Elliott and William Humphrey are the men to help him do it.

Already arrangements are making to clear off a considerable amount of the club's indebtedness; the absurdly low dues are to be raised, much refitting and refurnishing done, and there is life again for the old club.

The handful of patriots that clung hopefully to the club and finally succeeded in securing the election of suitable directors must now view this new lease of life with infinite satisfaction.

They are deserving of the thanks of all California sportsmen.

DESPITE untiring efforts, however, on the part of devoted advocates of wholesome amateur sport, California seems still to house more sporting bandits than perhaps any other State in the Union. One direction in which harmful practice appears to have held, even against the most determined attack, is Sunday games and boat-racing. Therefore it is gratifying to note the vigorous, unequivocal action of the University of California faculty, which recently forbade Sunday boat-racing to their students.

I also note and unhesitatingly commend University of Minnesota's discipline of her baseball nine for playing a Sunday match with a Dubuque team.

IN the face of open indifference this season by several college athletes to the athletic rules of their respective colleges, it seems fitting to raise the query whether university athletic committees are insincere in their official expressions of concern for athletic health, or whether they lack the power to compel respect for their rulings.

By way of illustration, and because it is the latest offence, I submit the following:

Extract from the Regulations of the Faculty Committee on Outdoor Sports at Princeton.

17. A student shall forfeit his right to represent Princeton in athletic contests:

1. Who engages in contests as a representative of any athletic organization not connected with Princeton University—whether in term-time or vacation—except by special written permission of the Committee.

2. Who takes part, except as a member of a Princeton team, in any game at which an admission fee is charged.

Extract from a report of the open games of the New York Athletic Club, held at Travers Island, September 23, 1899.

880-Yard Run, Handicap—Won by G. C. Wood, New York A. C., 25 yards; George P. Arnold, New West Side A. C., 32 yards, second; John F. Cregan, Princeton and N. Y. A. C., scratch, third. Time, 1 min. 57 2-5 sec.

It hardly seems likely Cregan would so flagrantly disregard the printed rules of his university without permission; if he has, he should be made an example of. The more prominent the athlete the more far-reaching the example.

If he had "special written permission," college sportsmen will be interested in learning to what games this particular ruling should apply, if not to such as these.

We remember on another occasion, since this rule went into effect, the New York Athletic Club secured "special written permission" to attach Cregan to its team and take him out West to win points for the club.

Is it for this purpose the "special written permission" clause is added to Princeton's otherwise excellent rule?

IN the Missouri Valley section of the Middle West a new sectional lawn-tennis champion has just appeared in Frank L. Eberhardt, the younger of the Salina (Kansas) family of athletes, who defeated the former holder, Dr. Frank E. Shelden, in straight sets.

This is not recorded so much to hail a new champion as to note the steady progress in lawn-tennis form that is making throughout this great Western section. And as the form improves, the interest in the game grows. There were twenty-seven entries in the Kansas State tournament; the same number contested for the Missouri Valley championship, and Sidney W. Griggs and E. F. Carroll, of Lawrence (Kansas), won the double honors among fourteen competing teams.

It will be an encouraging condition in lawn-tennis, and productive of greatly increased interest, when the day arrives that finds all winners of State or sectional championships at Newport playing for the National championship.

PLAY for the Hazard junior polo cups at Cedarhurst developed some surprisingly good work by the four teams of threes entered, and were won eventually by team No. 1 of the Rockaway Club, composed of Masters Rene La Montagne, Jr., Louis Neilson, and Halstead Vanderpool; team No. 4 of the same club attaining to second honors.

All told, there were four teams entered from the Rockaway Club, which was the only one to respond to the invitation for junior representation.

Probably another year will see more general recognition of this feature among the clubs hereabouts supporting the game. Certainly nothing has transpired in polo within recent years of more value in developing an even class form.

There is no reason why a junior tournament should not be one of the regular fixtures of the season at Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, at which all the clubs in those sections be represented.

Juvenile polo, by-the-way, was really inaugurated this season by George Gould, who, in July, offered cups to be played for by teams without handicap.

It would seem desirable for the Association to take official recognition of this juvenile play. The game needs all the encouragement that can be given it.

This Department closed September 27.

Caspar Whitney.

"THE GOLFER'S ALPHABET."—By Van Tassel Sutphen.—Illustrated by A. B. Frost.—4to, $1 50.—Harper & Brothers

A Model Architectural Competition

THERE has never been anything before, in the history of education or of architecture, quite like the competition which the University of California owes to the munificence of Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst. The University of California, at Berkeley, opposite the Golden Gate, a town named after the prophetic bishop, is not, it may be necessary to explain, at all to be confounded with the Leland Stanford, Jr., University at Palo Alto—an institution which owes its entire endowment and existence to the family whose name it bears. The multimillionaires of California have attested their interest in education on a scale which has excited the wonder of mankind, and has induced one of their own number to express in public doubts whether the endowment of schools and colleges was not in danger of being overdone. However that may be, the university, started in 1853 as a Congregational school and soon abandoned, was revived under an act of Congress in 1862, and in 1868 was chartered and received an endowment from the State as an unsectarian institution. It began building, as most American colleges have begun and nearly all have continued, without device or knowledge or wisdom. That is to say, every architect employed has built what seemed to him good, without reference to the works of his predecessors or his contemporaries or his successors. The result, in the case of colleges long established and prosperous, has mostly been what the poet calls

. A mighty maze, and all without a plan.

The ugly and absurd results of this way of working have long been evident to the judicious, and in the more recent foundations pains have been taken to avoid them. Columbia, both the "old" on Madison Avenue and the newer on Morningside Heights, had and has a plan. The University of Chicago has a plan, and indeed all the execution of it thus far has been intrusted to its author. The same is the case with the Stanford University. It was a young architect and teacher of architectural drawing in the University of California who conceived the notion of a homogeneous academic city on the heights of Berkeley. And very fortunately Mr. Maybeck's idea coincided in point of time with Mrs. Hearst's determination to erect a college building as a memorial to her husband, the late Senator Hearst. When the impossibility of obtaining a satisfactory or homogeneous result by the usual process was made plain, she offered to bear the expense of a competition of which there should be good hope that it would elicit the very best solution of the problem that the architectural skill not only of the United States, but of the whole world, could furnish. She proceeded to take and act upon professional counsel how this was to be brought about. The result was the dissemination throughout the offices of the architects not only of Europe and of North and South America, but even of Japan, of a very attractive scheme of competition, comprising a first and open competition in which it was promised that an expert international jury of the highest class should judge, and that not less than $15,000 should be distributed in prizes; that at least ten plans should be retained, and their authors invited to enter a second competition, in which at least $20,000 should be distributed in premiums to not fewer than five plans, and not less than $8000 to the plan placed first.

This was a scheme of almost unprecedented attractiveness. The judges named were Mr. Norman Shaw, of England, for whom Mr. Belcher was afterwards substituted; M. Jean Louis Pascal, of France, member of the Upper Council of the School of Fine Arts; Herr Wallot, of Germany, the architect of the new legislative palace at Berlin; Mr. Walter Cook, of New York, of the firm of Babb, Cook, & Willard; and Mr. J. B. Reinstein, of San Francisco, a graduate of the university and member of its board of regents. A peculiarity of the scheme was the provision that although every competitor was fully informed, by maps, surveys, photographs, and models, of "the lay of the land" upon which his buildings were to be placed, yet a free passage from his residence to Berkeley and back was offered to every architect whose work should be premiated in the first competition, and who should thus be entitled to enter the second.

The first or open competition was decided at Antwerp in July, 1898, and attracted ninety-eight competitors. By successive winnowings the number was reduced to eleven prize-winners — six Americans, three Frenchmen, one Dutchman, and one Swiss. These competitors had six months in which to prepare their designs for the second competition. This was decided at San Francisco, and the design of M. Benard was unanimously chosen as the best. The author received a prize of $10,000. The other four prize-winners, in their order, are—Howells, Stokes, & Hornbostle, of New York, $4000; Despradelles & Codman, of Boston, $3000; Howard & Cauldwell, of New York, $2000; Lord, Hewlett, & Hull, of New York, $1000. So that our national self-love, though it may be wounded by the fact that a foreigner won the first prize, should be completely healed by the showing that the other four were taken by American architects, and this by the verdict of a jury of which the impartiality is no more to be impugned than the competency.

It is rather curious that although M. Benard was one of the few survivors of the first competition who did not take advantage of the invitation to visit the Golden Gate to see where his buildings were to stand, they were esteemed to be as superior to their competitors in the respect of adaptation to the *terrain* as in any other. Such buildings as he may be chosen to execute in pursuance of his general scheme will not be the first specimens of his work to be seen on this side of the ocean. For it was M. Benard, in his capacity of winner of the Prix de Rome of 1887, who produced the *projet* which was executed at the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893, for the Art Building, and was the most admired of the many buildings on the grounds.

How rapidly this great scheme is to be realized does not yet fully appear. Mrs. Hearst has announced her intention to contribute at least two of the buildings, and in San Francisco it is said that there are seven millions "in sight" available for the architectural purposes of the university. The cost to the benefactress of obtaining the general plan upon which the building of the university is to go on is estimated at $100,000, and no competent judge is likely to dispute that the result is worth all it has cost.

When Chestnuts Fall

THE squirrel now, half-ambushed, sees
His longed-for largess in the trees;
A keen frost chills each breeze that blows,—
Dead are the petals of the rose;
Stray leaves in windrowed heaps are spread,
The forests stand ungarlanded;
While floating through the blue-pathed skies,
Sail fleets of white-winged argosies.

The pallet on the mountain's side,
Whose rainbows make October's pride,
Fades with still feebler tints each day—
Too gorgeous on this earth to stay—
Till sereness spreads its solemn pall
When, on crisp morns, the chestnuts fall.

The squirrel starts, alert with joy;
An allied frenzy stirs the boy;
Marauders born, they both agree
To burglarize each bounteous tree;
And to their separate comrades call,
When, urged by frost, the chestnuts fall.

JOEL BENTON.

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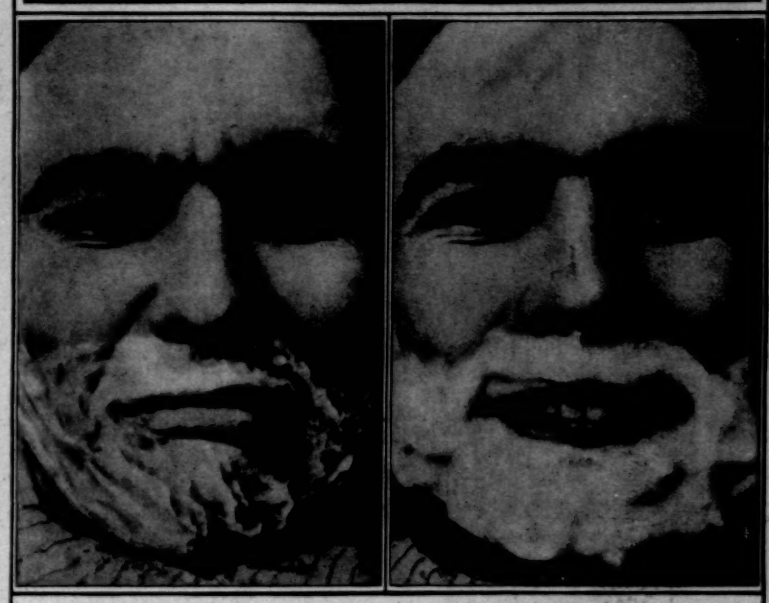

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THE PRESENT STATUS OF YACHT MEASUREMENT

BY JOHN HYSLOP

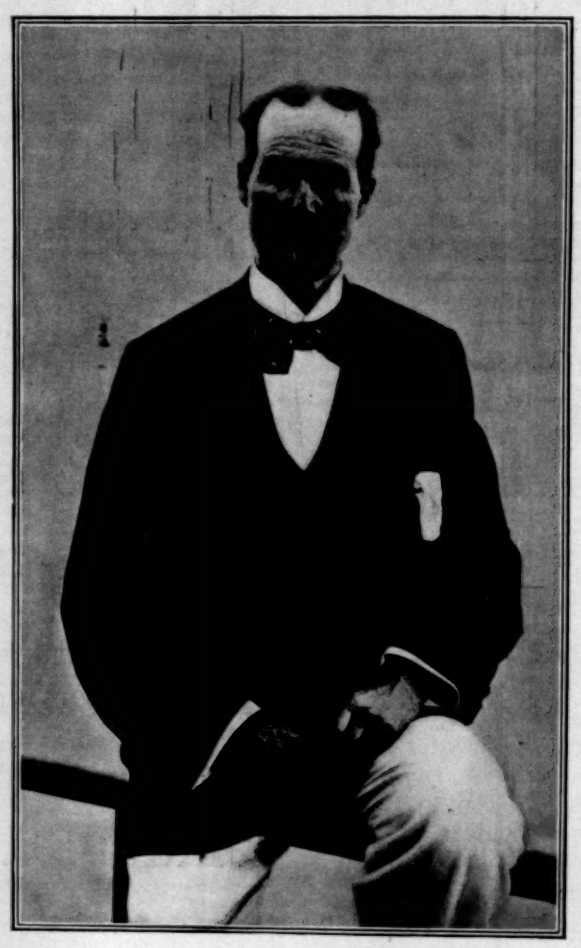
THAT a very large proportion of this community, other than those who are members of yacht clubs, regard a yacht as a thing of beauty, and take a keen interest in yacht-sailing and yacht-racing, is from time to time made abundantly evident by the eagerness with which newspaper accounts, and indeed all literature, not too technical, relative to the subject of yachting, is read and discussed by all classes.

So much is this the case that it would seem to be apparent that not yachtsmen only, but many others, have an interest in and a desire for some acquaintance with the present status of yachting rules as these affect the modelling and production of yachts—their classing together for racing—and which determine the amount of time to be allowed by one yacht to another in any race when their measurements are unequal. Recent action taken by the principal clubs has tended to eliminate allowance of time between boats sailing in the same class, other than to those launched before dates which have been specified, as the new boats are supposed to be built up to the upper limit of the class, and, in consequence, not entitled to allowance. But that any yacht comes within the limits of a class has to be determined by the summation of prescribed measurements; these, while the same for many of the principal clubs, are not alike in all. Of the larger clubs in this vicinity, the New York, the Seawanhaka, and the Larchmont have the same methods. The Atlantic and some others have this season adopted a rule which is, with a slight modification, the same as has for a few seasons past been in use in British waters. The legitimate function of a good rule is to secure between competing yachts, as far as may be, an equality in the possession of those dimensions and features from which speed is derivable, to the extent that these have become recognized and can be represented by factors in a rule, or to provide an equitable allowance for such differences as may exist.

Consequently, with such purpose and effect, a good rule must not fail to take cognizance of such dimensions and features in a yacht as have a recognized value for speed, but must otherwise leave to the owner and designer the largest possible liberty in the adaptation of the design to individual preferment of form and feature.

Unless the rules give fair opportunity to the owners to build vessels suitable to their convenience and ordinary requirements, and to race these with some success, and with reasonable continuance of that success, it is very clearly unlikely—it is foolish and absurd to expect—that many yachts of an expensive kind will be built to participate in racing; and it is no less clear that the number of yachts built of any kind will be smaller than it would be otherwise. This is the lesson of experience in the past, and it is the only reasonable prospect of the future. A yacht, as one of its definitions, may properly be called "a home afloat," and unless a man can have such a vessel with moderate draught, roominess, moderate sail plan, sea-going and cruising fitness, etc., and race with her, the average yachtsman will not race, and many enthusiastic yachtsmen will not build. Of the men who do build, those will be most numerous who content themselves with small and comparatively inexpensive boats, good for day sailing, and having little or no pretensions to cruising or to sea-going fitness. The liberty of design and of adaptation to requirements which has been referred to as an essential requisite of a good rule is not, unfortunately, a characteristic of present rules.

On the contrary, the "sailing-machine" and the "freak" are given advantage without stint or measure; and even one of these creations may have only short-lived success, for the chief bar to the more extended and exaggerated use of a freak feature in a successor is that it is objectionable for convenience, and for everything else excepting speed.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON,
Owner of the "Shamrock," Challenger for the "America's" Cup.
Photograph by Lazarnick.

It should be understood that measurement rules are supposed to include in their charges dimensions, etc., from which speed is derived; the rule chiefly used here was devised seventeen years ago, and takes into account length on the water-line, added to the square root of the vessel's sail area, and the sum is divided by two. For some years this rule worked well and satisfactorily—better, indeed, than any which had preceded it; but at that time and for a while afterwards yachts continued to have their ballast stowed inside, or if it were put on the keel the form of the vessel was not modified, and yachts continued to be built with little or no change in their roominess and moderate draught. It was not a very remarkable discovery, as connected with the ballasting of yachts, that a ton of lead placed ten feet below the centre of buoyancy of the vessel communicated to her twice the stability that it would if placed five feet below the centre of buoyancy, and that, correspondingly, half a ton placed ten feet below was as effective as one ton five feet below. An easy deduction from such considerations was that sail-carrying power could be obtained on a much smaller hull than had formerly been used, if the weight carried on a keel, or fin, were carried low enough; hence we get the characteristic of the modern yacht—her area of submerged midship section is smaller, in varying degrees, from what it would have been with inside ballast and the same sail plan; her draught is likely twice as great, and a forty-foot yacht of the modern type cannot cruise in water deep enough for an old eighty-foot vessel.

The modern vessel may be nothing more than a canoe with a pendulum, without room in her to stand up or to sit up in; having no cruising accommodations or fitness; displacing little water, with little wetted surface; stability through length of lever, not by weight; easy to drive in light weather or heavier. Such a vessel may be classed for racing with a yacht in the true sense of the term—a real home afloat, of the same racing length—by present racing rules; but where is the equality?

Such a vessel has probably twice the displacement of the other, and would be many times as acceptable to the average yachtsman, but neither she nor anything approximate to her would be likely, if her owner was sane, to be entered in a race twice with the machine-boat. Notwithstanding this disparity in absolute speed, the unsuccessful vessel may be the better modelled and better sailed, and may be, if the matter be regarded from a true stand-point, the more deserving of a prize.

She may have done not only the most useful work during the time of the race, but in amount it may be most. Every time a vessel moves through the water her own length she has excavated from her path a weight of water equal to that of herself; so that, when regarded from an economic stand-point, the work of the vessel which has taken the longer time to sail over the course

may be much the better performance. One characteristic of the modern yacht of the machine type is the wholly disproportionate draught of water taken to the depth of the yacht's body.

It is no longer regulated by the requirement for lateral plane, to keep the yacht from sliding to leeward, whether the vessel be of the keel or centreboard class, but by the need for effective leverage of the ballast. This applies to the larger yachts generally, and to some of the smaller ones.

Another characteristic, chiefly applying to the smaller classes, and seen there in its most extreme form (vessels in which the weight of crew on the weather side is a material element of their stability), is great width and extreme shallowness of body. In these and in the intermediate types there is one characteristic in common—absence of internal room belowdeck and smallness of displacement. It should be stated here that the stability (the righting power and power to carry sail effectively) of a yacht at any angle of keel depends upon the distance, horizontally, that the centre of gravity is situate from the centre of buoyancy of the vessel. Normally, when the vessel's mast is in a vertical position the centre of gravity and centre of buoyancy will be in the same vertical line; when, however, the vessel is inclined, the lee side becomes more immersed, the weather side more emersed, the centre of buoyancy travels off to leeward, and the weight of the vessel acting on the distance, horizontally, as a lever, measures the urgency of the righting power. Now the value of weight on the keel or fin as a righting force depends on the distance that it is swung horizontally by the vessel's heeling from the centre of buoyancy, and this, in effect, is similarly influenced either by shoaling the hull or by dropping the lead. As draught is not a factor in the measurement rule, and as the only limit fixed upon it in any of the classes is of the most extreme kind and beyond what most yachtsmen would want to take—beyond, indeed, what they would take, excepting perhaps as a protection from being outbuilt—and as, so far as the rules are concerned, a man may, if he choose, build a yacht with twelve feet draught, only two feet of which is body and ten feet of keel, it may be plainly seen that success in racing is next to impossible with a yacht of reasonably compact dimensions and roominess. The mere arbitrary limiting of draught by establishing in the rules a maximum number of feet for each class is a crude and ineffectual method of meeting the ends desired, and must necessarily and utterly fail to attain them if these ends are to include the assuring of room and fair displacement in the vessel—a compact form and proper proportion between the body of the vessel and the draught taken, or, in other words, between the body of the vessel and the keel or fin attached to it; equally ineffective and uncertain to the attainment of this purpose is the operation of the girth measure favored by some of our yachtsmen, and to which I may allude further on. It is quite unnecessary, at this stage of yacht-designing experience, to tax depth in the body of a yacht, or to tax draught when it is constituted of this depth. It is, on the contrary, absolutely necessary to tax this draught when it is constituted not of the body which has to be driven, but of the lever which by its variable extent substitutes, in a measure, bulk in the body to be driven, and which provides the power to drive.

The common recourse of the designer to-day is to the use, in one way or another, of untaxed quantities. Called upon, it may be, to beat one of his own productions, he finds the problem a very simple one; he feels assured at the start, and he executes the contract very satisfactorily, perhaps with some amusement and surprise at the praise for his skill and fertility of resource which comes to him freely. This is how he does it. The sail plan and the main elements of design are the same, or very nearly the same, as in his former production.

The body of his vessel is about the same as before, or he possibly cuts away slightly on the under part, so as to raise the centre of buoyancy; the essential thing, however, that he does is to deepen his keel and to have his lead lower.

This has been done so often that the practice may be called systematic. It has been done under our rules, where there is nothing to prevent it within moderate limits. It has been done under British rules, where the means taken to prevent it are inefficient, and tend rather to other and undesirable results. The maintenance of present conditions is, however, adverse to the interests, equally, of the designer, builder, and owner, as with proper restrictions many more yachts would be built. It may be said here that, so far as can be judged at a distance and from data received, some of the most notable successes last season in British waters were due to just such methods. They were very evidently not due to that effect which it has been stated was sought for in the new rule, the tendency toward large-bodied vessels.

It may be well here to refer to an effect which incidentally has been attendant upon the deepening of keels amidships to get the greater leverage for ballast. This effect has been to get all the lateral plane needed to prevent leeway in a concentrated form near to and under the centre of the vessel's length, and it has led to the cutting away of the keel and dead-wood from under the two ends of the vessel to avoid the frictional resistance which would be incurred by the retention of these surfaces. A consequence involved in this concentration, and an advantageous one, is that the vessel will turn more quickly; but another effect of it, when it is carried to an extreme degree, and especially when the stern-post is cut away, and when the rudder is carried independently and is given only a shallow immersion, is diminished control of the vessel and great unsteadiness in steering when she is being driven in disturbed water. The steering of such a vessel by compass on a dark night is no easy task.

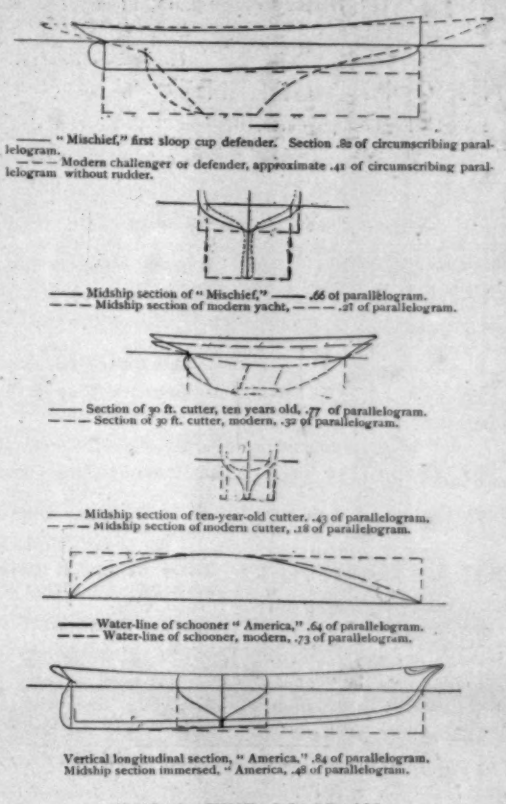
If yachting rules have any function in conserving the reasonable sea-going properties and handiness of vessels, they may well be made to include some such provision as that the underwater longitudinal section of a racing-vessel, inclusive of the rudder, or of such part of it as may come within the water-line length, should be, in area, not less than a stated percentage of a parallelogram which will include the section.

This would conduce toward a better distribution of the vessel's keel, to the use of a well-immersed rudder, and when joined to other means, yet to be referred to, would exert a most telling influence in correcting extravagant draught.

The need for new factors in the rules for yacht measurement which should produce greater uniformity in design, which should abate some of the more extreme features, adjust the equities, and produce more nearly what the majority of people want, is a need which is felt in all classes. It is much more urgent, however, in the cabin classes than in the smaller boats. It is, as I regard it, an absolute essential for the continued existence of racing-yachts of the larger kind in any sufficient numbers to form into classes. Where the cost is comparatively small, as in the little vessels, and where only day sailing is attempted—where a floating home is not sought for, and where the draught, though relatively great, is absolutely not large—enthusiasm and the racing spirit will assert themselves, and boats will be built and raced under any rule that exists, and possibly under any that could be framed. It is otherwise in the larger vessels. It is necessary that restrictions should be made, that extravagant features should be excluded, or, still better, where practicable, should be brought under the influence of an equation at an appraised value for their advantage to speed.

If this is done we may expect to see men who have all their lives been lovers of yachts and conspicuous in racing, but who have been driven out of it by the machine—we may expect to see these come back into it again. We may then hope to see on the race-course yachts equalling, more probably exceeding, in number those which appeared in regattas before the advent of the machine craft.

The favor with which propositions have been received and acted upon for the formation of "knockabout" and of "one-design" classes, under specifications calling for


—— "Mischief," first sloop cup defender. Section .82 of circumscribing parallelogram.
– – – Modern challenger or defender, approximate .41 of circumscribing parallelogram without rudder.
—— Midship section of "Mischief," —— .66 of parallelogram.
– – – Midship section of modern yacht, – – – .27 of parallelogram.
—— Section of 30 ft. cutter, ten years old, .77 of parallelogram.
– – – Section of 30 ft. cutter, modern, .32 of parallelogram.
—— Midship section of ten-year-old cutter, .43 of parallelogram.
– – – Midship section of modern cutter, .18 of parallelogram.
—— Water-line of schooner "America," .64 of parallelogram.
– – – Water-line of schooner, modern, .73 of parallelogram.
Vertical longitudinal section, "America," .84 of parallelogram.
Midship section immersed, "America," .48 of parallelogram.

COMPARATIVE DIAGRAMS.

restrictions in rig and dimensions, and for the presence of certain accommodations, shows that assurances and attainments have been sought for this way.

These assurances and attainments it ought, in a more general way, to be the office of good rules, to some extent at least, to secure.

There are many matters needing attention and adjustment in order to assure the owner of a well-designed and serviceable racing-craft that he can meet the more or less machinelike vessels on equated terms. I intended to deal to some extent with all of these that are present to my mind. I find that I can hardly do this within the limits of this article. The chief defect of the measurement rules as we have them—a very glaring one—is that those quantities the use of which by the modern designer gives him his greatest opportunity, and measures for him more decisively and more distinctly than any others his room for success, are treated by the rules as negligible quantities; they are not represented by factors.

The fact that to furnish sail-carrying power length of lever may be used to substitute the office of weight has been already referred to, and that a small-bodied yacht with her ballast on a long lever may have the same or greater stability than the yacht of larger body and more compact form.

The added power gained by lengthening the lever is under present rules without charge, and it involves practically no added work. The lead carried ten feet below the centre of buoyancy is twice as effective as if carried only five feet below. It requires no more bulk of body to support it, and only a few more feet of added surface in a short fin; but a boat to carry her ballast at the higher point would need to carry much more of it, to be much more bulky, and to attain to the same speed would need to communicate to the particles of water in her path nearly twice the velocity of movement. Now to treat draught as negligible is, in view of the tendency of modern designing, hurtful and absurd. But draught may be made up of bulk—the yacht's body—which absorbs power, or it may be made up chiefly of leverage, which yields power, and to treat these as the same thing, indifferently, is most absurd. No method at present in use makes an effective distinction or gives an assurance for the preservation of proportion between the two, nor does any system now in use give assurance or even inducement for the preservation of roominess in the craft. It does not appear to be necessary now, any more than formerly, to tax either beam or draught, if these are associated with fit and corresponding displacement. It does appear absolutely necessary, if common-sense, the equities, and yachting interests are to control, that both beam and draught shall appear as charges in yacht measurement when these are unaccompanied with a fair amount of displacement. It must appear self-evident that if we want to assure the presence of displacement we must take something which is representative of it, and which bears an accurate relation to it, and that beam and draught being given, or the sum of these (for in the present state of knowledge it is not practicable to assign a different value to the two), we have by a comparison of the figures which represent displacement with those which give the sum of the other figures, a means of establishing a relation between the two. It is not needful that the actual displacement of a yacht shall for this purpose be worked out; the area of submerged midship section in well-designed yachts bears, within very narrow limits, the same relation to displacement in any one yacht as in another.

This, then, may be taken as representative of her displacement; but as it is an area and as the figures with which it has to be compared are expressed in linear feet, the simple way is to take the square root of the area. This in a yacht of moderately compact form bears the relationship to the sum of beam and draught of approximately 30 per cent. Thus, to refer to a few well-known yachts, in the schooner *America*, it is, or was, .31; *Puritan*, .31; *Sea Fox*, .30; *Wasp*, .30; *Minerva*, .313. The draught in these cases has been taken at the midship section, with one-third of any excess aft of that point added. The purpose would be, in the rule, to add to the present factors others which would have the effect of adding something to the measurement when the sum of beam and draught exceeded three and a third times the square root of midship section, and which would reduce the measurement when, owing to more compact form, the sum of the two dimensions was less than that. Put most nearly in the form of the present rule, it would stand $\frac{LWL+\sqrt{SA}+2(B+D)-6\frac{1}{2}\sqrt{MS}}{2}=RL$;

or $.5\,LWL+.5\sqrt{SA}+(B+D)-3\frac{1}{4}\sqrt{MS}=RL$.

B here stands for breadth, D for draught, and MS midship section. RL is of course for racing length.

The several factors need not, of course, have given to them the values stated above. It is believed, however, that these are about right, that the operation of such a rule would not be to develop extreme bulk, nor would it, on the other hand, unduly handicap vessels of light displacement. To go into the detail of facts and figures on which the formula is based would make an article in itself.

It may be seen that, if the principles involved are approved, the factors can readily be modified at any time to such extent as may be shown to be desirable by experience of the rule's working. It is equally applicable to the keel or to the centreboard yacht; the keel vessel has more draught; the centreboard has more beam; the rule takes the sum of the two quantities into account, and one is exchangeable for the other. The rule could be allowed to work without disturbing the present class limits on extreme draught, where these have been established, or these limits might be removed altogether.

I have referred to the modern practice of cutting away the dead-wood and shortening up the keel or fin. A good effect might be realized by requiring that the vertical longitudinal section should not, without interdict or penalty, fall below a stated percentage of the area of its circumscribing parallelogram, say .65, this to include such part of the rudder as might be within a parallelogram extending to the ends of the water-line. Reference to diagrams accompanying will further explain this.

I had intended to make further reference to the girth rule adopted by some of our clubs a few months ago, but recent events have made this of less importance, and possibly an uninteresting use of time and space. The modern practice (the first notable instance of which was in the *Gloriana*) of making the water-line much more full than had been done previously, and of opening and closing the water more largely through the agency of lines indicated by the vertical sections and normal lines, which have been correspondingly sharpened, has incidentally been associated with a shoaling and flattening of the end frames, and a projecting of the stem at a small angle with the water. This (an impossibility to be done with advantage in the old-style, hollow water-line craft) has made it practicable, more especially in small craft of great beam and little draught, to secure in actual sailing a much longer water-line than the one which is measured, the greatest gain being had when the boats are inclined. Fortunately it has not been shown to be practicable to get the extent of advantage in this way in the larger vessels that has been seen in the smaller ones, for such possibility forces the adoption of abnormal and undesirable forms, from the acceptance of which it is a question for clubs or for their committees to consider whether or not their members should be protected. I cannot, however, say more now than that omissions to interdict or restrict, in the making of rules, do, in certain matters, impose (it may be on the unwilling member) the most imperious obligation to adopt the unequated features of advantage to speed, however objectionable, or otherwise to keep out of racing. I should perhaps not omit to state that the formula which has been here given was presented to the notice of a committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club in March, 1896, and that it afterwards received approval at a meeting of the members; and also that it is stated in *The Field* of May 13 last that at a congress of French yachting societies, held in Paris on the 3d of May, a rule was approved in which the square root of midship section is used as a divisor. So far we have similar means for a common purpose.

Eclipse

FEAR not: the planet that bedims
The moon's distorted face,
Itself through cloudless ether swims
The Sea of Space;

And earthward many a distant wing
Of spirits in the light
A salutary shade may fling
To mark its flight.

JOHN B. TABB.

Governor Roosevelt at a County Fair

IT was a clear, sweet September morning, and the green of the woods that circle the foot of the lawn of Sagamore Hill seemed all the greener for here and there a sign that autumn was coming on for the purpose of reddening and yellowing the foliage. After Governor Roosevelt had seen a visitor or two from the neighboring village of Oyster Bay, and almost forgotten his breakfast, we started in President Baldwin's private car for Riverhead. As Governor Roosevelt was busy with his private secretary—not on his speech, but on his correspondence—and as the ladies were busy committing to memory German phrases and Ruskin's essays—this sort of mental industry being common on Long Island—it was doubly pleasant to have President Baldwin to talk with about Long Island and its material resources. After all, I thought at the time, it is the material resources of this land, so long remote to the New-Yorker, that we are coming down to see; but I was mistaken in this, as we shall see further on.

When we came to Riverhead it was evident that a good deal of the Suffolk County Fair—that is, the human part of it—was at the station, and the Governor brightened up. I had thought that this sort of thing—this gyrating about the State in a nervous intention to get somewhere, to say something, and to shake the hands of a good many people—must be a tiresome and profitless sort of occupation, and not productive of much good to the participants. I had not aroused much sympathy, however, on the Governor's part when I broached this subject and asked him if he did not feel as if the modern demand of county fairs transformed a Governor into a kind of Occidental dervish; and when I looked out of the car window at the Riverhead station I saw that the Governor was having a pretty good time. When he got out on the platform he was cheered. That goes without saying. All politicians are cheered when they go anywhere in an official or semi-official capacity, if there happen to be voices enough about for the purpose. A cheer of welcome is so conventional that, like other greetings, it is often overlooked or cut off in the middle by reason of a desire on the part of those who ought to cheer to plunge into the delights of intercourse with the new-comer. Here was Governor Roosevelt, and while politeness demanded a cheer, the real, intense desire of the assemblage was to shake hands. And the real business began, therefore, in the middle of the cheer, Governor Roosevelt pump-handling and talking—anyhow he was talking—to the smiling men and women of Suffolk County.

The few personal friends who had come to see him, including Captain Mahan and his abnormally long son, were "relegated to the rear," which means they had to come into the car and talk to the ladies and to lookers-on like me, while the great American drama went on outside on the railroad platform. I am not going to linger on this episode at the station—it was only the beginning of the day—but I will stop long enough to say that it all seemed to be very genuine. The Governor and the people seemed to like one another. He was feeling flattered, doubtless, and so were they. He liked their welcome, and they liked him the more for coming to their county fair. It was a bright day, the air was stimulating, there was no work to do; the people were proud of their show, and respected themselves and their agricultural achievements. They were happy not only because they were out fairing and had a holiday, but because they looked well and had achieved something. They thought that the Governor had achieved something too, and he, on his part, was conscious of this thought. There are a good many men—and some of them used to be in public life—who could not be approached as Governor Roosevelt can be; whom the people stand off and admire—admire rationally and without the bubbling up of friendly sentiments that are purely personal; but there is doubtless no lack of respect felt also for the man of whom an admirer can say, and act on the saying, "Let us fall upon his neck and embrace him." There cropped out a good deal of respect for the Governor during the day, but there was a constant rushing up to him, as if it did the men and women of Suffolk good to touch him. The atmosphere of the fair-grounds was like that of a camp-meeting when the spirit of revival has got well to work. An exclamation, a salutation, a mere jerk, any expression of strong emotion, found an immediate answer.

Outside of the station on the dusty road was a troop of rough riders, either made for the occasion or the living reminders of last year's Gubernatorial campaign. At any rate, there was the Governor's body-guard for the great event, and he was proud of it. Some people might like to laugh at this, and call it demagogy. There are a good many people who are inclined to take this view of Governor Roosevelt, but they go wrong on this subject because they do not know how deadly serious he is. Indeed, no matter what one may think of the whole affair, it ought to be easy to understand why his rough-ridership is a momentous fact in the Governor's life, and that these reminders of it really touch him. You may laugh at it if you like, but you ought in fairness to remember that on this subject the Governor is absolutely without a sense of humor. Whatever my personal opinion may be of the taste for rough riding, or of a rough-rider exhibit at a political meeting, I am not going to judge the Governor for doing what, done by other men, would be the meretricious employment of the war and the regiment for his personal gain.

The improvised rough riders were led by an excellent horseman clad in rough-rider breeches and hat, a uniform coat of the seventies, infantry shoulder-straps, and a red sash of the civil war. In his impartial treatment of the historic and contemporaneous uniforms of the United States army he had omitted some. He had neglected both the rags and the fictions of the Continental army, and the shakos and top-hats of the 1812 period, but he had done his best; he recalled old times sufficiently, and he led his troop well and gallantly. So we rode through the pleasant village streets of Riverhead and came to the fair-grounds, whose neighborhood was indicated by long tables set in vacant lots along the side of the road, whose principal furniture, so far, consisted of bottles of tomato ketchup. The visitor, the ladies, and the children rode in the first carriage. It was the carriage evidently intended for the Governor, and the driver was therefore taciturn. He was crushed under a disappointment that had taken a whole year out of his life, and had deprived him of an opportunity the like of which would probably never come to him again. He revived once as we approached the gate, and the band, which was stationed out of sight behind a board fence, honored us with the first notes of "Hail to the Chief." But the first notes were all that we heard, for they and the booming cheers were strangled in their infancy at the first sight of the visitor, and there the excellent driver settled into a gloom which could not be dissipated even by the visitor's most interested and sporty questions and remarks concerning the trots which would follow the Governor's speech in the afternoon. So we drove around the race-track in silence, listening to the cheers which greeted the Governor's carriage that followed us, and looking back to see the people pressing in throngs about him to shake hands, and to hear the voice of the chief attraction of the show.

It was towards half past eleven when we got through with the "progress," in which the visitor played the part of a pilot-fish, and the hospitable committee wanted us to go at once to the dining-room. But we had not come to eat—at least not yet—and we went, instead, to look at the chickens, the ducks, the dogs, the gourds, the squashes, the pumpkins, and the other products of a sandy soil and a good climate, helped along by a sturdy New England community. Being in the Governor's party, nothing was emphasized except the useful—the useful edible Peking ducks, with plenty of meat on the breast-bone, for example, were lingered over, and so were the Plymouth Rocks, while the game chickens were actually skipped. As to the horses that were to win fame and money in the afternoon, all that was to be done behind the Governor's back, as it were, and the excellent president of the association did not so much as offer to give us a glimpse at the four-footed athletes. It is one of the great drawbacks of success in life that the attainment of it deprives the victor of so much fun. What joy he gets in useless things must be gained on the sly. It may be that Governor Roosevelt likes Peking ducks and swollen pumpkins because they are useful, but whether he does or not, they are what he must look at at a county fair, and the side-shows must be avoided. He did take a real interest in the cattle. He doubtless knows good cattle when he sees them, and they led him to make allusions to his own cow-punching days, and to tell an excellent anecdote about milking a ranch cow, an anecdote that indicated that he had gone into the ranch business with Eastern notions. Every one knows the familiar figure of the politician among the farmers, but the main interest about Governor Roosevelt is that he is not cut on the familiar pattern. He is rather full of his own missions in life, and while he was complimentary in response to the efforts of his extremely courteous hosts, he was like a man wanting to say his say. That was what he had come for, and they knew it. So he did not feel of the cattle or talk agricultural technique. I had heard one man remark, in the morning, that the Governor was going down to Riverhead to "teach 'em how to raise cabbages." That is the usual view of the politician who goes to county fairs in order to grow votes among the farmers, but Governor Roosevelt is a better politician than that, and he frankly acted on his asserted purpose of not "coming down here to teach you your business." There was something refreshing in this, for the man in office, as a rule, patronizes the non-office-holding world, and he is ready to give his advice on all subjects, and occasionally on the one subject with which he ought to be acquainted. Probably more than a thousand, yes, more than ten thousand, promising political careers have been ruined by county fairs, and hundreds of thousands of farmers' votes have been alienated by the efforts of ignorant and patronizing politicians who have undertaken to teach "'em how to raise cabbages." Now Governor Roosevelt seem-

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ed to me to possess the listening talent, and to be in a receptive mood. It cannot be said that he attended closely and patiently to his teachers, for he was in a hurry, and he was beset by hand-shakers. But he went through the various buildings in a respectful attitude, and probably won that large measure of regard for cleverness which all men are prone to accord to those who let them talk freely and without interruption on their familiar topics.

By this time the fair-grounds were full of people. The grass was trampled down and the sandy soil under it was forcing its way to the top. The dust rose in cloudy puffs here and there, sometimes here and sometimes there, indicating the presence of the Governor. The pilot-fish and the Governor's family had become of no real importance. They wandered about at their will, or rather at the kindly will of the president of the association, who alone of the multitude was aware of the comparative importance of the family. Finally the clouds of dust that hovered over the Governor began to make their way slowly in a definite direction. Slowly but surely he shook hands towards the new pine building which was the office of the fair. The crowd did not follow him in there. The crowd may go intrepidly into the White House, but it stands respectfully outside the office of a county fair. Here is the mystery of authority which touches them most nearly. Here the Governor was safe until the band came to escort him to the dining-room—hall, I think they called it. The band played, the little company fell in, this time behind the Governor. It marched to its entertainment, the people seizing the Governor's hand as he walked along. From one end of Suffolk to the other there are so many men and women, young and old, who shook Governor Roosevelt's hand on this occasion that the fact is no longer a distinction, and will not be except in long years from now, when only two or three of the hand-shakers are alive.

There is good food to be had served in mass to masses only in places which touch the shore of the salt water. And we had that good food that day in Suffolk, for we had scallops and oysters and blue-fish which had all been sleeping at home the day before, while some had been plucked out of their salt beds that very morning. And it was to be noticed that the good manners of New England prevailed here. It is not everywhere, whether here or in Europe, that the lion is permitted to feed unwatched. There is, however, a certain self-respecting dignity in a real New England community, like that of Massachusetts or the eastern end of Long Island, which leaves even an object of curiosity free to eat and sleep and say his prayers in the retirement which he chooses. I have been in places where the windows of a dining-hall where a Governor was feeding have been decorated by white nasal bulbs, peering eyes, and open mouths, all suggestive of somewhat slobbery curiosity. But it was not so here. The dining-room was public. It was for the convenience of all visitors to the fair who wished to pay the modest fee, and those who entered were particularly careful, it seemed to me, to appear as if they did not know that the Governor was present.

When the dinner was eaten, we marched again, this time to the grand stand to listen to the Governor, who went to the judges' stand to speak. The gathering in the grand stand roused the pride of every Suffolk heart. They said, "There's 1200 in it sure!" Between it and the judges' stand, on the track, and in the enclosure on the wrong side of the track, stood hundreds more who were bound to hear, and who apparently did hear. I shall not go into a description of the speech. There was enthusiasm in it and hopefulness, sympathy for the men of this war and the civil war, and what is called a looking forward sort of tone. It lifted up the hearers—if a young man who spoke to me as we were struggling carriageward is a sign. Said he: "I think that 'll do good. Any man who listened to it ought to feel like doing his work with a better spirit. At any rate, I feel like being a better man." Now that was a good ending to a speech, and from what happened, from the eagerness of the people to seize upon the Governor's hand—an eagerness twice as great as it had been in the morning—from the affectionate outcries of the Grand Army men to their "comrade," there was an atmosphere of a revival meeting, to repeat my figure, an exaltation, an excitement, which made the thing seem real. It was through a crowd that rushed at him, jostled him, almost embraced him, certainly much delayed him, that the Governor made his way to his carriage. Once when we were in a quiet part of the grounds, for a moment, solitary women would run to him with outstretched hands, and would express their gratitude at the sight of him.

On his way to Mineola, when I left him, the Governor took his well-earned nap, and I wondered how there could be such an artistic naturalness in the whole affair, for the visits of Governors to county fairs are supposed to be calculated moves in the game of politics; and I concluded that, whether the visits of this Governor to county fairs have or have not politics for their basis, he likes to go, he likes the people whom he meets at them, and he likes to feel that they are his friends—which may, of course, lead to false prophecies.

THE VISITOR.

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The World of Finance

THE course of the money-market in the last week of September was an unpleasant surprise to a good many people who had been lulled into security by the comparative ease up to that time, and upset the calculations of some of the leading authorities in the Street. Bank officers, as a rule, expressed the opinion that there would be all the money that was needed at reasonable rates—that is, around six per cent.—and these published opinions perhaps had much to do with quieting apprehension. The amount that the interior would need for the crops was impossible of ascertainment, and has been larger than anticipated. Country banks were well supplied with funds, no doubt, but they were lending these funds here, in a large measure, and when they drew on them to meet local demand the supply of money here was correspondingly reduced. The prepayment of interest due October 1, by the Secretary of the Treasury, did not involve a disbursement of a sufficient sum to have an appreciable effect, and was more than offset by the preparation for the payment of taxes on October 1 and of interest on corporate securities. The announcement of purchases of gold in the London market for export to this country had a somewhat reassuring effect and came as another surprise, for it had been feared that we would not get any relief of that character until later in the autumn, as exchange rates were above the importing-point on ordinary calculations. It was thought that the transaction was rendered possible by the fact that the importing firm had a house in Paris, where the money-market was not so stringent as here or in London.

While there is little doubt that there was some manipulation of the money-market, it is clearly not to the interest of the banks to make efforts to ease off the money rate, for this is one of their harvest-times, and, as one bank president expressed it, "we have been living on skim-milk a long time, and now we are going to get a little cream." A clear idea of the activity of money may be obtained from the tables published in the *Financial Chronicle*, in which are given in detail the bank clearances of each week in all parts of the country. They have shown steady increases all the year over the corresponding periods of previous years, the clearings for the week ending September 16, for instance, being twenty-eight per cent. more than those of the corresponding week a year ago. They reached the enormous total of $1,735,277,728. To be sure, it is poor comfort to a man who sees his profits in the stock-market fade away, and followed by losses, to be told that money is tight because factories and other industries are running at high pressure, and have made the demand more active; but prosperous times make, in the end, the best stock-markets, and there seems ample reason to expect a resumption of the upward movement before the winter sets in. Money will begin to return again to this centre, and it is improbable that it will continue to find employment that will give better returns than are to be obtained in the purchase of securities. With due care in the selection there are many opportunities presented in times like these on the Stock Exchange, and the man with funds to invest will not be slow to see them. For the present it seems desirable that speculation in Wall Street should be kept well within bounds, and perhaps that liquidation should go farther, lest the money position should be subjected to too severe a strain. Many securities that are refused now as collateral for loans by the banks and trust companies, and others that are received only from strong houses, will acquire a better standing as they become better distributed, and as the companies show earning power. It is not fair to say that a stock representing an industrial undertaking must stand lower in the scale than a railroad stock, and the prejudice against industrials as a class will inevitably disappear in time. A very large proportion of the railway corporations in this country have, at one time or another, been bankrupt, and some have gone through the process of reorganization more than once. Again, a good many railroad stocks are accepted as collateral whose chief merit is that they have a ready market in case the bank is forced to sell the borrower out, and which are farther from dividends than some of the industrials that are refused.

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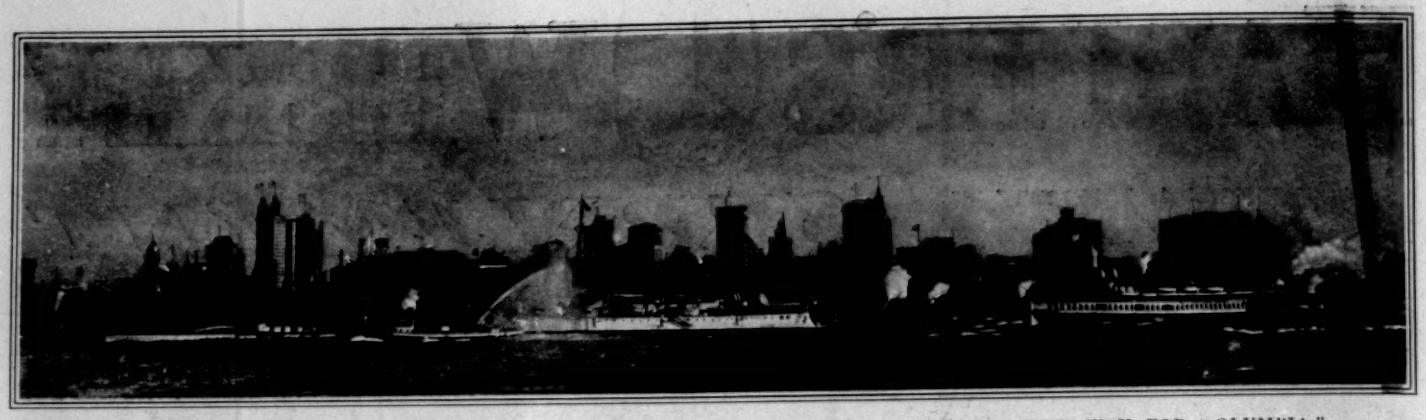
HARPER'S WEEKLY

DEWEY SUPPLEMENT

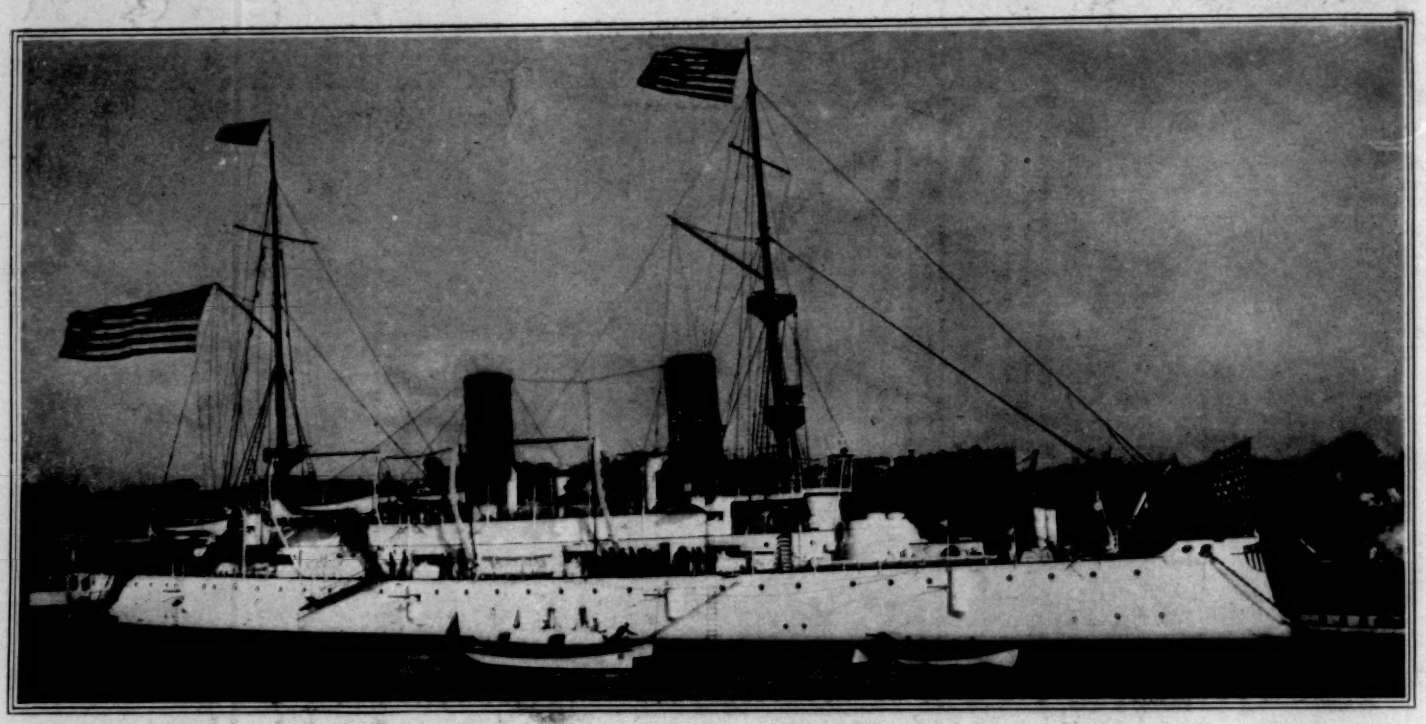
VOL. XLIII NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1899 NO. 2233

HONORING ADMIRAL DEWEY—THE PRESENTATION OF THE GOLD LOVING-CUP FROM THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

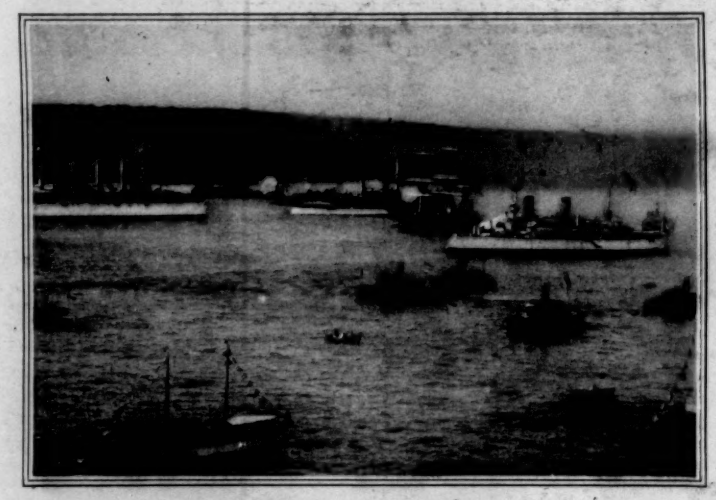
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 1027]



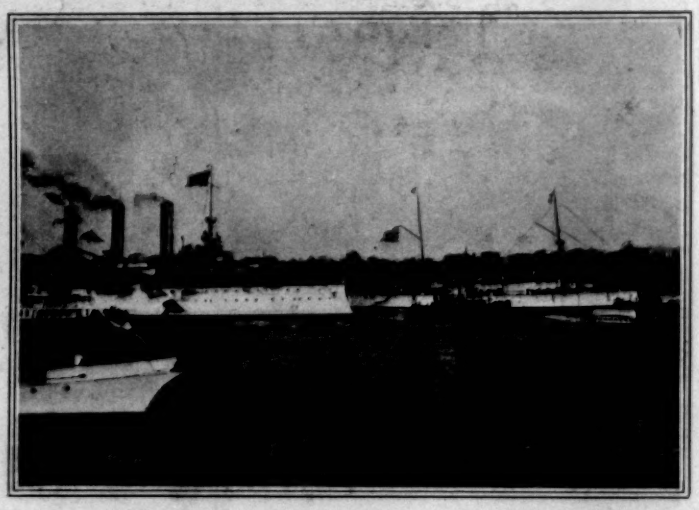
THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION COMING UP THE RIVER—FIRE-BOATS CLEARING THE WAY FOR "OLYMPIA."



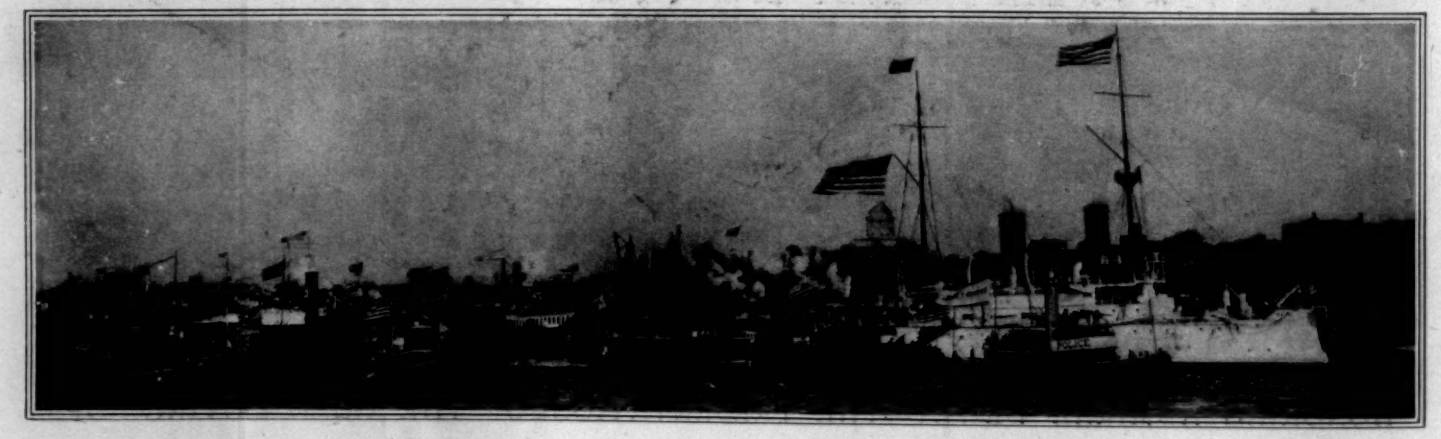
"OLYMPIA" AT ANCHOR AFTER THE PARADE.
She flies the Admiral's Flag formerly borne by Admiral Farragut.



"OLYMPIA" FIRING THE FIRST GUN OF THE SALUTE AT GRANT'S TOMB.



"BROOKLYN" PASSING THE FLAG-SHIP IN REVIEW.



TUGS AND EXCURSION-BOATS CROWDING AROUND THE FLAG-SHIP AFTER COMING TO ANCHOR.

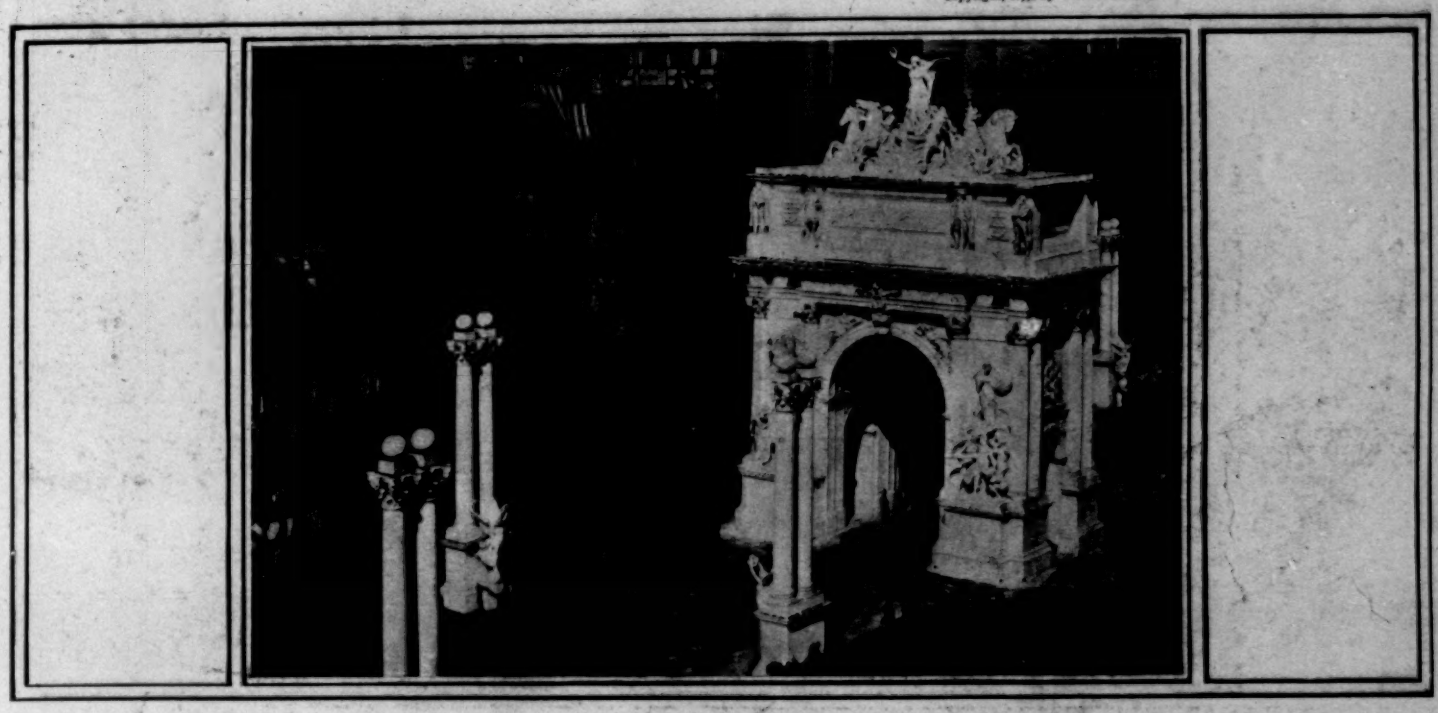
WELCOMING ADMIRAL DEWEY—THE NAVAL PARADE, SEPTEMBER 29.

Captain Wildes, U. S. N. Captain Lamberton, U. S. N.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FIRST STEP ASHORE—REAR-ADMIRAL PHILIP RECEIVES HIM AT THE NAVY-YARD.

THE 10TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, JUST RETURNED FROM MANILA, PASSING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE.

Copyright, 1899, by William H. Rau.



WAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

Dewey's Triumph

IN the first place we have the spectacle of a celebration which is essentially native. The stately processions and the Triumphal Arch are Roman in their way; the plan to provide a home for Dewey at the public expense is, in its way, though with an important difference, reminiscent of the *triumphalis domus* which rewarded the Roman hero; but the victorious Roman to whom the Senate accorded the honor of a *triumphus* (on his personal and urgent application, be it said, for a triumph was eagerly and quite shamelessly sought) retained his military authority on the day when he entered the city. He did not surrender and place himself at the city's disposal; he was *imperator*, and held Rome for a day in his war-hardened hands. The spoils of the conquered peoples—treasures, arms, and works of art—were borne in the procession; models and pictures showed to the throngs in Rome's streets what manner of men and towns, mountains, rivers, and trees there were in the subjugated regions, doing for the simple taste of those days the office of our modern illustrated papers. After the magistrates and Senate, the trumpeters and flute-players, came the animals destined for sacrifice, and not far behind marched the enemy's leaders with other captives in chains. The *imperator* himself, standing in a chariot drawn by four horses, carried a sceptre in his left hand and a laurel bough in his right. Behind him stood a slave, holding over his head a golden crown, yet from time to time admonishing him, to "remember that he was only a man." Infantry in marching order brought up the rear, some shouting "Io Triumphe!" while others found fault with their places in the line and everything else, quite as in our day, catching the fruit and parrying the jests that the bystanders threw at them. When the procession was about to go up the Capitoline Hill some of the most distinguished captives were led aside and murdered; then the sacrificial victims were killed.

So much by way of contrast.

The last number of the WEEKLY was largely devoted to such subjects as the career of our third Admiral, the battle of May 1, and the return from Manila, the story being carried forward to the sailing of the *Olympia* from Gibraltar. From that day every little fact has its value, but we have space only to mention those happenings which may serve to connect what we have said with what we have still to say, and thus to make our story continuous.

Weighing anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar on September 10, the *Olympia* was so favored by ideal conditions of the weather, and made such good runs along the thirty-third parallel, that the lights of the New Jersey coast were in sight Monday night, September 25, instead of Thursday, September 28, according to the schedule as New York understood it. For a moment the Admiral hesitated at the threshold—or, as he himself said, "Captain Lamberton, Lieutenant Brumby, and I considered whether we had better cruise down toward Hampton Roads or come inside at once;" but with the true instinct he decided that, although one may not pay his visit at the house of mere acquaintances until the appointed hour, one can go home whenever the weather outside is threatening. Before six o'clock on Tuesday morning the *Olympia* came into view at Sandy Hook; in the course of the forenoon the Admiral telegraphed to Mayor Van Wyck announcing his arrival in the Lower Bay. Meanwhile the observer in the tower had telegraphed the news to the city and notified the commandant of the army post at the Hook; there was a salute of seventeen guns; there were cheers from soldiers; passing vessels blew whistles and dipped their flags.

At half past seven the *Olympia* dropped anchor not far away from the cup-challenger *Shamrock* and the *Erin*. Sir Thomas Lipton was one of the first visitors; a few minutes after he had gone Rear-Admiral Sampson and Captain Chadwick arrived; then Admiral Dewey's son; then Rear-Admiral Philip; a little after four o'clock the reception committee from the city came on board.

On Wednesday morning the *Olympia* passed forts Wadsworth and Hamilton and took her position at the head of the column of war-ships off Staten Island in the Upper Bay, and here a reunion of the Admiral's family was held on the flag-ship. Official visits, including a call on Admiral Philip at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, consumed a part of the day; but the report had gone abroad that the Admiral received with equal courtesy all who came to him, and, naturally, a good many different kinds of people were only too glad to make themselves ship's guests. It is a pleasure to add, however, that while some pretty and amusing things happened, there is not a single disagreeable incident to be recorded as a result of this freedom. On Thursday morning a special committee from Washington waited on the Admiral to consult his wishes in regard to plans for the following week, and to present to him the flag which his old commander, mentor, and model, Admiral Farragut flew. Governor Roosevelt with his staff, and five of the captains who fought with Dewey at Manila, called in the afternoon. The Governor offered the State's greeting. A little later Major-General Merritt welcomed him in the name of the army. Members of the reception committee from Vermont spent half an hour on board.

One impression, clear and ineffaceable, I received on Friday afternoon—so much more vivid than all the other impressions of the naval parade that it fairly seems to give its own life and meaning to the whole ceremony. The moment was near the conclusion, when the *Olympia* had anchored below the stake-boat and the people were passing in overcrowded steamers.

The distant view up the Hudson was never more beautiful; beyond the point to which the holiday crowds extended it appeared by contrast to be even more peacefully and softly lovely than usual. Nearer, just across the river, the hill-sides of the western bank were in deep shadow, but the glory of light from the declining sun was on the sparkling waters and the countless gay vessels that moved up from the Bay, swept around the *St. Mary's* in a semicircle, and then passed down along the eastern shore.

Both shores were thronged: aggregations of humanity were floating on every kind of craft between masses of humanity. Frankly, there were some disturbing elements—a silly noise of steam-whistles and a somewhat paltry sound of cannon—but no one could quite miss an impressive sense of the unmeasured vitality everywhere on land and river. It was not true that, as some have written, the people spent their entire energy in this demonstration; the hysterics, so far as my observation extends, have been in current accounts rather than in current events; you may trust a European capital, on similar provocation, to show twice as much frothy excitement, with perhaps one-half as much genuine enthusiasm in reserve. A profound enjoyment of the scene and the occasion—profound, rather than showy—characterized this multitude, which was, on the whole, an orderly, good-natured multitude, inspired with the purpose of carrying

WELCOMING ADMIRAL DEWEY—FIREWORKS AND ELECTRIC DISPLAY ON THE HUDSON RIVER OFF RIVERSIDE DRIVE, SEPTEMBER 29.

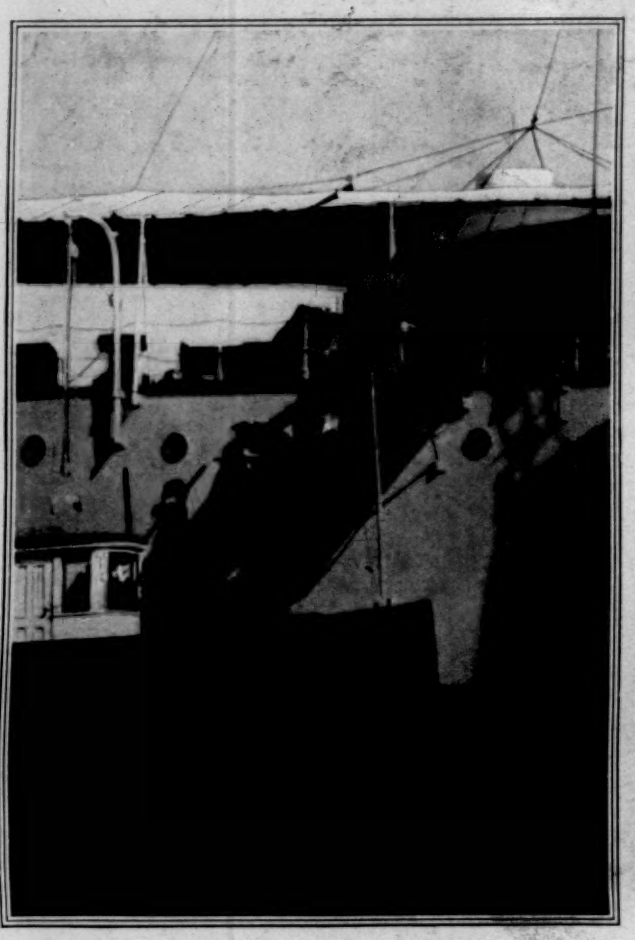
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS.

WELCOMING ADMIRAL DEWEY—PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY IN THE HARBOR AND RIVERS, AND ILLUMINATION OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT NIGHT.

Drawn from Life by G. W. Peters.

Mayor's Gig.

MAYOR VAN WYCK VISITS THE ADMIRAL OFF TOMPKINSVILLE.



MAJOR-GENERAL MERRITT, U. S. A., COMES TO EXTEND THE WELCOME OF THE ARMY.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S OFFICIAL VISIT, SEPTEMBER 28.

THE SHORE NEAR GRANT'S TOMB—CROWDS WATCHING THE NAVAL PARADE.

out the programme of welcome, and thoroughly, almost critically, alive to the interest of all these typical vessels.

Above the stately procession which moved southward after wheeling about the stake-boat, passing the anchored *Olympia*, the debonair Admiral stood on his flag-ship's bridge. He was not very near; what one saw was just the figure of a naval officer, looking small and slight to eyes that had been growing used to the large features of the landscape and to the mass of enormous iron ships. And yet, such is the charm of the man's personality, this slight figure outlined against the glowing western sky displaced for those who saw him then all portraits that have been printed, all preconceived opinions. He must bow in acknowledgment of our cheers, of course; but just watch the man as he bows to us now, and again to those who follow us. His is not a formal salute; it is a gracious, personal greeting. His action is not the same, time after time. He is thinking of the persons, the individuals, now in this boat, now in that; he cannot call them all by name, but the varying movements of arm and body in lifting his hat and bending forward individualize each compliment. "I thank you, sir," this attitude says; while that impulsive throwing out of the hand plainly says, "I wish *you* joy also, with all my heart."

But that was after five o'clock, and to take things up in their proper order we should have begun our story of the day with eleven o'clock in the morning.

Before the naval parade began, Mayor Van Wyck welcomed the Admiral home in the name of the people of the metropolis, saying, among other things, "I place at your disposal the freedom and unlimited hospitality of the city of New York." The pithy sentence in Dewey's reply was, "How it is that you have overrated my work so much I cannot understand." The Mayor then presented to the Admiral a medal in gold set with precious stones which had been made to commemorate the latter's visit to the city. A salute of thirteen guns was fired in the Mayor's honor, the official visit was duly and immediately returned, and then everything was made ready for the start. Admiral Farragut's flag, the trophy already referred to, was run up in place of Dewey's; signals were flown; the *Olympia's* anchors were hoisted; at one o'clock precisely the friendly movement on the town began. Following the *Olympia*, with her attendant fire-boats and torpedo-boats, came the cruiser *New York*, flying Admiral Sampson's flag; then, in order, the *Indiana*, the *Massachusetts*, the *Texas*, the *Brooklyn*, the *Marietta*, the *Lancaster*, and the *Scorpion*. Rear-Admiral Howison's flag-ship, the *Chicago*, which had reached port unexpectedly two days before, was next in line. The torpedo-boats held their normal position under the shelter of the big vessels; and the revenue-cutters, official steamers, yachts, and all the other vessels took the places assigned to them.

Here was the making of an interesting maritime display—one could see that much; but out in the great bay everything was dwarfed by the high shores and the wide expanse of water. New York Harbor suggests the whole continent, and not merely a single city; it seems to be, as indeed it is in a very real sense, a vast gateway, just beyond which two main avenues—its East River and its North River—lead on and on to other cities and other regions. But if in the bay the stage seemed too large for the cast, there came a change after the Battery had been passed, for there was scarce room then for the throng of vessels. The "avenue" was crowded. The sky clouded suddenly, and rain fell during a few minutes; then the sun came out, and a rainbow spanned the river above the fleet. On both shores above the Battery, and all the way up to Grant's Tomb, the piers and docks and all open spaces, the decks of moored vessels and the roofs of buildings, were crowded with spectators, but the effect was nowhere else so striking as at the point which I have described. When the flag-ship turned the stake-boat, about one hour and a half after starting, she fired a salute of seventeen guns in honor of the memory of General Grant, and each of the succeeding war-ships did the same. The *Olympia*, passing down the line, anchored at the point chosen for holding a review, about opposite 115th Street. The Admiral remained on the bridge until sunset. After dark the shipping was illuminated, and until late at night citizens and visitors were entertained with displays of fireworks on the harbor, the rivers, the Brooklyn Bridge, and in the public parks.

At the beginning of Saturday afternoon, September 30, we are near the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, let us say. Between Fifth Avenue and Eighth one side of the way for the entire distance is occupied by a stand whose narrow benches, for the accommodation of thousands of people, rise in tiers to a height of about twenty feet. Behind this barrier, trampling the grass of the Park slopes (if you will have the curiosity to look), there are others who have not the slightest chance to catch even a glimpse of the procession, but are held there by the fascination of mere proximity. A space in the centre of the street is with difficulty kept clear, while beyond, from curbstone to the roofs of the high buildings, every available position is beset with sight-seers. And every one in the crowd is held a prisoner there by the eager force of those unseen, and unfortunately unseeing, in the ever-deepening rear lines and on the outskirts. And so it is above us and below us along the whole route of the procession. The throng extends for seven miles; such a press was never seen in New York before.

Before six o'clock the Admiral had begun to make his preparations for the day. He personally inspected the men of the *Olympia* who were to take part in the parade, and was on the quarter-deck when the arrival of the committee's boat *Patrol* was reported to him. At half past seven the *Patrol* carried him with the committee to the Battery, where carriages were in waiting to take the party to the City Hall for the ceremony of the presentation (at an unseemly hour) of the loving-cup. Naturally this tale was somewhat marred in the telling: let loving-cups and set speeches come after the feast! However, it was soon over, and the Admiral was escorted to the foot of Warren Street, where the steamer *Sandy Hook* was waiting to take him, with the city officials and a number of distinguished guests, up the river again to 138d Street.

The *Olympia's* crew came ashore and took up their appointed position just south of Grant's Tomb while the Admiral was still on the river. When the *Sandy Hook* arrived and the guests entered the carriages, it was apparent that the start would be made quite promptly.

At or near the head of the column so many of the principal attractions were brought together that unquestionably some of the participants, especially one or two of the military organizations, got less attention than they deserved. It would have been more artistic to work up to the climax gradually. On the other hand, the first effect of the actual arrangement—with the *Olympia's* men, the Admiral himself, and the highest naval and military commanders all put forward at the beginning—was wonderful.

The WEEKLY's readers have already been supplied with details in regard to the troops in line. One is tempted to speak of them again, but after all, one would only be adding descriptions or word-pictures—and our artists have been at work. That part of the story be theirs!

MARRION WILCOX.

Adjutant-General Avery D. Andrews.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT, STAFF, AND COLOR-GUARD OF SQUADRON A AT THE STARTING-POINT.

The Mascot.

FIRST OF THE "OLYMPIA'S" CREW PASSING IN REVIEW.

THE WEST POINT CADETS COMING ALONG RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

Captain Lamberton.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND MAYOR VAN WYCK LEAVING CITY HALL AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF THE LOVING-CUP.

THE ADMIRAL RECEIVES A WREATH OF IRISH LAUREL.

WELCOMING ADMIRAL DEWEY—THE CEREMONIES ON SHORE.